

WHY NOT LIMIT WORLD AIR ARMAMENT? SEE PAGE 8

The AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*

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The figure of Victory which will surmount the shaft of the First Division Monument now being erected in Washington, D. C.—See page 16.

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A CHANCE MEETING OF NIGHT PATROLS

There were many things in the war used to kill men with. Yet often at night in No Man's Land silent hand to hand struggles took place where individual strength and skill alone determined the winner over death. In these engagements the use of anything but the bayonet and the hands might have drawn fire from either trench. In that event, members of both patrols probably would have gone West.



JELL-O

America's Most Famous Dessert
AT HOME EVERYWHERE

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY
Le Roy, N. Y.

Bridgeburg, Ont.

This is the twelfth of a series drawn especially for the Genesee Pure Food Company by Herbert M. Stoops, formerly 6th Field Artillery, 1st Division.

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PAGE 3

The Blue Dog

By Robert J. Casey

TIM GROGAN, rul-
ing the foam from
a beaker of amber
nectar, which, al-
coholically, was but the
ghost of its former self,
stopped suddenly and
gazed at the wicker gates
which had swung inward
with a protesting squeal
to reveal a new customer.

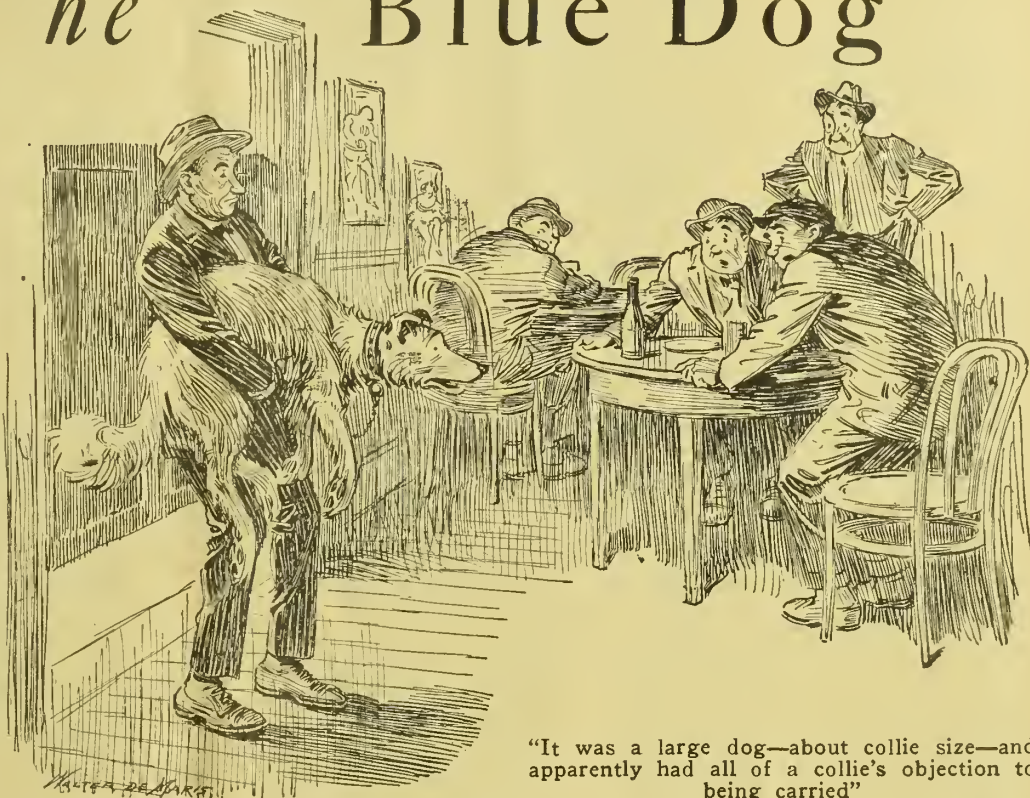
Grogan rubbed his eyes
and looked up at the cal-
endar to make certain that
the year was really 1923.
Several of his steady cus-
tomers stirred uneasily in
their chairs or stood
frozen in expectant atti-
tude at the long, well-worn
bar.

Many strange things had
come through those wicker
gates. Many a phenome-
non, in the old hundred-
proof days, had vegetated
in Grogan's saloon without
taking the trouble to come
through the wicker gates.
Many a zoological marvel
had crawled out of the
square bottles and squat
decanters, now empty reminders of bet-
ter, wetter days, that stood in decora-
tive rows near the coffee urn. But
never before, not excepting even the
faded days of the curving pretzel and
the well-pawed free lunch, had Grogan's
seen anything like this.

There had been curly-necked giraffes,
zebras with wings, singing jackasses,
pink elephants, numerous varieties of
intelligent snakes—all the quaint fauna
that once inhabited the state of De-
lirium Tremens—but never a blue dog.

It was the blue dog that everyone
noticed first, not only by reason of its
color, somewhat unusual in dogs, but
because of its audible protest against
its entry. It was a large dog—about
collie size—and apparently had all of
a collie's objection to being carried.

Of secondary importance in the pic-
ture was the carrier, an insignificant
little man with a long nose and small,
watery eyes. He dropped the squirming
nightmare to the floor, dragged it to the
bar by a chain and ordered refresh-
ment without seeming to notice that
Grogan's trade had stopped to attend
his entrance. One customer with great-
er temerity than the others seized upon
this opportunity to approach the blue
beast. It emitted a single plaintive yipe
and retreated to the end of the chain.



"It was a large dog—about collie size—and
apparently had all of a collie's objection to
being carried"

Whereat Grogan's place lapsed into a
puzzled but peaceful calm. The spell
was broken. Schooners that had paused
in midair when first the doors swung
inward pursued their upward course.
Small glasses of fusel oil, prune juice
and tobacco extract were hastily seized
by nervous hands and dumped into
throats that had become unaccountably
dry. Grogan went on with his ruling
and watched his new patron out of the
corner of a wary eye.

"Tis a fine dog you've got there," he
observed as he filled the newcomer's
order.

"You said something then," agreed
the dogman. "He's the only one of his
kind in the world. Ain't you, Fido?"

Fido lifted an ultramarine muzzle in
obvious agreement and wagged his
turquoise tail.

"Valuable?" inquired Mr. Grogan.

"No word for it," declared the dog-
man. "These here dog collectors would
give a thousand dollars for that speci-
ment without askin' his name."

Mr. Grogan didn't doubt it. The ex-
act usefulness of a blue dog was not de-
finitely placed in his mind, but simple
soul though he was, he realized the
worth of novelty.

"Where you goin' with him?" he
asked.

The dogman's nose emerged from the
foam.

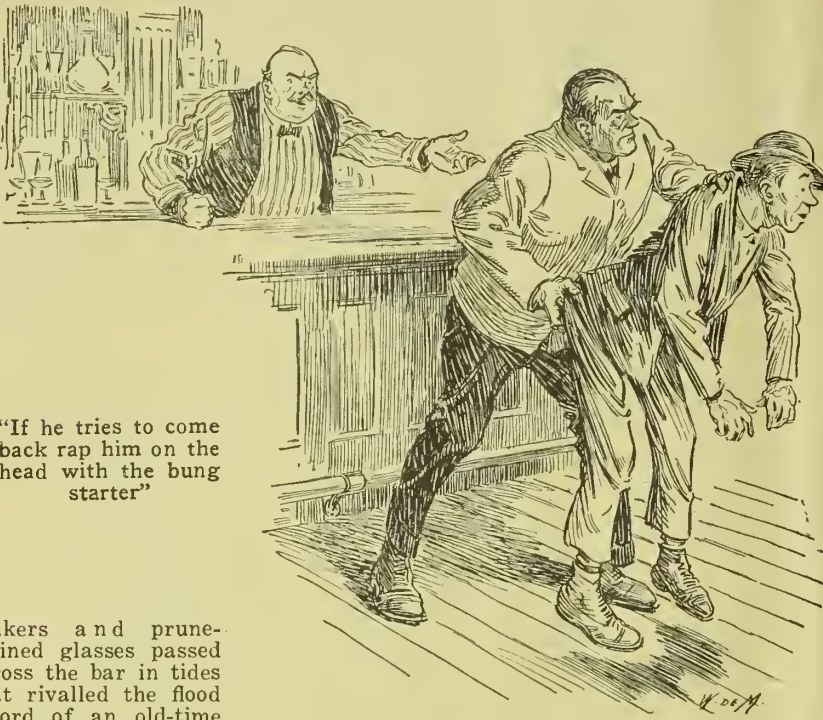
"That's just what gets me," he re-
plied. "I gotta lot o' things to do in
town. Goin' to hunt up a buyer for
tomorrow, but got to put him away
some place till then. Know anybody
who'd take care of him for a day?"

"Sure," said Mr. Grogan. "Leave
him here. I'll tie him up in the back
room an' feed him his sausage an'
cakes till you get back. He'll be a
good ad for me."

"Fine," agreed the stranger. "My
name's Topper an' I'll come an' get him
tomorrow. See that his sausage is
cooked. Raw meat kinda spoils the
color of his hair."

Mr. Topper remained long enough to
see Mr. Grogan escort the azure Fido to
his temporary lodgings in the rear
room. He repeated his thanks and his
admonitions in one whining farewell,
and took himself off while the reassured
patrons clustered about to look at this
cerulean vision which, strangely
enough, had turned to be an animal
rather than a symptom.

As Mr. Grogan had forecast, the
colorful Fido brought him business and
that speedily. All day long the cash
register clinked out its cheerful monotonous
song of good business. Foaming



"If he tries to come back rap him on the head with the bung starter"

beakers and prune-stained glasses passed across the bar in tides that rivalled the flood record of an old-time election day, while dog fanciers of a dozen classifications stood foot to foot before the brass rail and observed that they would be bad-worded if they had ever heard of the like.

With the inquisitive ones came a number whom Mr. Grogan had never seen before, among them Messrs Keeler and Carmody.

A well-mated pair were these, genial souls, well fed, well clothed and evidently well provided with the world's goods. They might have been stock brokers, or successful contractors, or merchants or advertising men. In one respect they were men of evenly balanced talent. Both knew more about dogs than a dog knows about fleas. They gave Fido one startled look and proceeded to prove it. Mr. Keeler called Mr. Grogan aside. He introduced himself and companion and got down to business at once.

"How much will you take for that dog?" he inquired.

"Not for sale," said Mr. Grogan.

"Anything is for sale if the price is right," put in Mr. Carmody with a shade of impatience.

Mr. Keeler promptly smiled.

"We shan't beat about the bush with you," he told Mr. Grogan. "I suppose you know more about your dog than we can tell you. But we recognized the type of the animal at once. He's an African collie—the only perfect specimen we have ever seen. His coloring is marvelous, a rare thing in America."

"When we heard that this dog was here we could hardly believe it because the American climate is usually too rigorous for the species. But we are forced to acknowledge that it is a remarkably healthy specimen."

"At present market prices that dog should bring you about fifteen hundred—but we want the dog. We will pay you twenty-five hundred for him here and now."

Mr. Grogan gulped. Cash in hand was his fetish, bargaining his primal instinct. But he realized that a trade in another man's property is no trade at all. His voice was dominated by a

note of indescribable sorrow as he forced his unwilling tongue to reply:

"I'm sorry gents. He ain't my dog. If he was we'd have a deal on in a minute."

Mr. Carmody's jaw dropped. Mr. Keeler's broad smile vanished. Both turned a reluctant gaze toward Fido.

"What's the owner's name?" asked Mr. Carmody at length.

"Topper," replied Mr. Grogan.

"Where does he live?"

"I don't know. He brought the dog in here and asked me to keep it for him. I don't know anything about him except that he promised to be back to-morrow."

"Do you think he'd sell?"

Mr. Grogan remembered that the dogman had set a valuation of a thousand dollars on his pet. It occurred to him that he might prove open to argument of larger denomination. He took a leaf from Mr. Carmody's own book in replying:

"Anything's for sale if the price is right."

Mr. Keeler laughed outright. Mr. Carmody smiled.

"Let's try it," suggested Mr. Carmody. He drew forth a voluminous wallet and extracted therefrom five one-hundred dollar bills. He handed them to Mr. Grogan, who took them mechanically.

"Let's try it. You act as our agent. Maybe you can get the owner to sell somewhere around the market price."

Mr. Grogan needed no second invitation.

"I'll get you the dog," he promised. "When'll you be back?"

"Some time tomorrow afternoon. Get him to take our deposit and call at, say, five o'clock for the balance. Is that satisfactory?"

It was. The dog fanciers shook hands with him and departed. Mr. Grogan went back to the cash register in a daze.

"If this thing goes through I'm goin' into the dog business," he told his chief bartender.

"Ain't no money in dogs any more,"

stated the bartender. "If you can get a good concession stand try tamales or hamburg sandwiches."

Mr. Grogan did not notice that he had been misunderstood.

* * * * *

MR. TOPPER arrived about ten o'clock the next morning to claim his property.

Mr. Grogan had been waiting for him since six.

"Mr. Topper," inquired Mr. Grogan, "how much will you take for that dog?"

"Couldn't part with him," declared Topper. "Fido and me is old friends."

"But you said yesterday that you intended to sell him."

"I did, but I changed my mind, an' besides, the other guy wouldn't make the deal."

"I can get you a good price for him."

Topper had been loosing the dog from the radiator to which he was tied. He stopped, straightened up, closed his ferrety eyes a bit farther and thrust forward his inquisitive nose.

"What do you call a good price?" he inquired.

"A thousand dollars."

Topper demurred.

Mr. Grogan argued.

Fido yawned, lay down and went to sleep.

For the rest of an hour the two men wrangled reaching, finally, a compromise price of fifteen hundred dollars. Grogan offered the five-hundred dollar cash deposit and announced that Topper could get the remainder of the purchase price by calling that afternoon at five o'clock. He was shocked when the dogman promptly pushed the five hundred back across the bar and started for Fido's chain.

"Nothing doin'," he declared flatly.

"I'm goin' out o' town at eleven bells an' when I go I take fifteen hundred cash or my dog. I can get two thousand for him some place else."

Grogan saw at once the futility of argument, and trembled for his thousand-dollar profit. He debated the question as a matter of course, but his heart was not in his work. In the end he capitulated, as he had foreseen from the first that he would. He sighed, opened the safe, and paid Topper his fifteen hundred in large bills, small bills and silver.

Topper pocketed the money, purchased a glass of Grogan's nearest beer, drank it and departed. Mr. Grogan sat down to wait for five o'clock, congratulating himself upon a good day's work.

But Messrs. Keeler and Carmody did not arrive at five o'clock.

They had not put in an appearance when closing time was announced by the ancient clock over the bar.

Nor did they come to complete the dog deal on the day following.

Then Fido's blue began to fade out.

And Mr. Grogan, pondering dismally on the axiom that old stuff always works best, computed his net loss at nine hundred and ninety-eight dollars, which allowed for a valuation of two dollars on the dog.

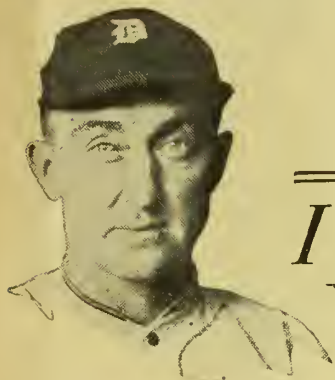
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IN a way Fido proved to be a dog of destiny. His advent seemed to change the whole nature of Tim Grogan. The saloon man who had been known throughout the city's twilight zone as a good loser—approaching close to fame in his

(Continued on page 17)

The Play That Thrilled Me Most

By Ten Great Baseball Stars



Ty Cobb,
Detroit Americans



Eddie Collins,
Chicago Americans

IT is far from easy for the experienced big leaguer to pick out the most thrilling play he ever saw or participated in. After many years on the diamond a player has stored away in his memory so many remarkable baseball feats that labelling one the greatest is in some cases somewhat like designating one daisy in a daisy field as the most beautiful. The Weekly, however, recently sent William H. Nugent out to see what he could get from some of the potentates of Swatdom, and he returned with this symposium.

MY FAVORITE HIT

By Ty Cobb, Detroit Americans

ON September 30, 1907, Detroit and Philadelphia were scheduled to play a double header at Shibe Park, Philadelphia. If the Athletics won both games they would drive us out of first place. If we won both games it would just about decide the pennant race that year, a pennant race that had been neck and neck between the Tigers and the Athletics all season long. The greatest number of persons that had ever attended a regular season's game jammed their way into the park and overflowed on the field that afternoon. They wanted nothing less than a double victory.

When we went in to bat in the seventh inning it looked as though the Athletics were certain winners, for they led us 7 to 1. The fans shouted for the players to hurry up and finish and start the second game. They felt certain of the first game with such a commanding lead. We got busy, made a few runs, and when the ninth inning opened we had crept up to within two runs of the Athletics, 6 to 8.

With old Rube Waddell pitching his head off for the Athletics this two run lead seemed enough to win. Crawford got on and I came to bat. If Crawford got around and I followed him over the plate it would tie up the score. Rube looked me over carefully and then pitched to me. I knocked the ball for a home run, tying up the score 8 to 8. Considering the excitement and the issue at stake, I know of no other clout that gave me so much satisfaction. The game went into extra innings. In the eleventh I doubled, scoring a run, but the Athletics tied it up again at 9 to 9. Darkness ended the game in the seventeenth inning. We played only the one game. That meant that we kept first place. We won the pennant.

I think the home run in the ninth inning of that mad game gave me my greatest thrill in baseball. I further remember that year because it was in 1907 that I first led the American League in batting.



Tris Speaker,
Cleveland Americans



Rogers Hornsby, St. Louis Nationals

WHEN MARANVILLE SAVED THE DAY

By Hank Gowdy, New York Nationals

I GOT my greatest thrill in the second game of the world series of 1914. The Braves had walloped the Athletics in the opener, and in the second game we went into the ninth inning leading 1 to 0. In the enemy's turn at bat Barry walked and went to second when I dropped a third strike and had to toss Sehang out at first. Walsh, pinch-hitting for Plank, also walked. That made two men on when Murphy came to bat. Any kind of a hit would drive in two runs and victory.

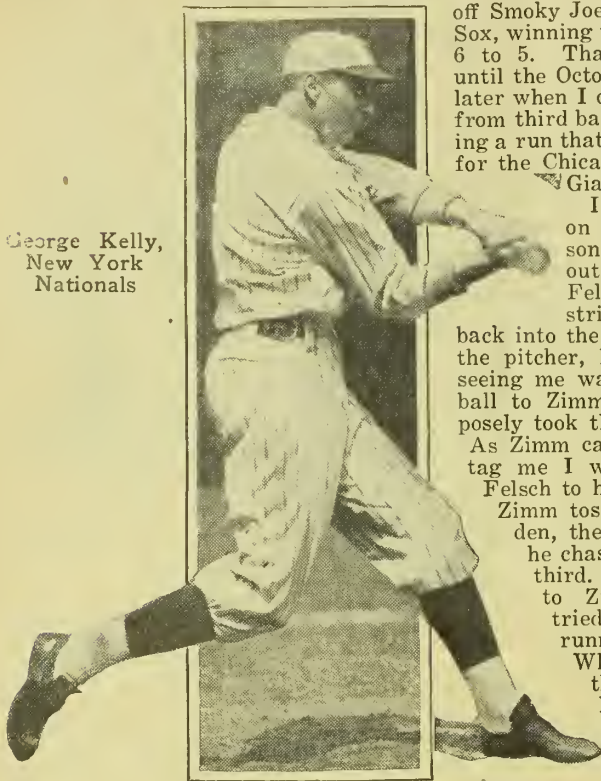
Murphy slammed a solid drive to the right of James, the pitcher, and the ball whistled as it hopped through the infield headed for the wide-open space between short and second. As a backstop I have watched a thousand doubles and three base hits begin life just as that clout of Murphy's was doing that October afternoon. If that hit rolled double it meant the loss of the game to us.

I visualized ahead. I saw Barry and Walsh tearing down the baseline toward me at home. I prepared ahead for a play at the plate in the event of the ball going safe. I hitched up my belt, changed my cud of tobacco from one cheek to the other, and then—

The ball didn't get out of the infield. Walsh didn't get to second. Murphy didn't get to first. By a running jump and a hop, Rabbit Maranville, shortstop of the Braves, snatched the ball off the diamond, jumped into second base and completed the double by throwing Murphy out at first. Remember that Walsh and Murphy were two of the fastest runners in baseball. That ended the game. As I sat down to take off my catcher's harness, I laughed and talked to myself and to the umpire behind the plate.

Of the three games I played during the war as a sergeant of the 166th Infantry, Rainbow Division, one contest impressed me. Asked to Captain and organize a team to represent the Rainbow Division in a game with the Fifth Canadian Army at Bonn, Germany, after the Armistice, I exercised my prerogative as cap-

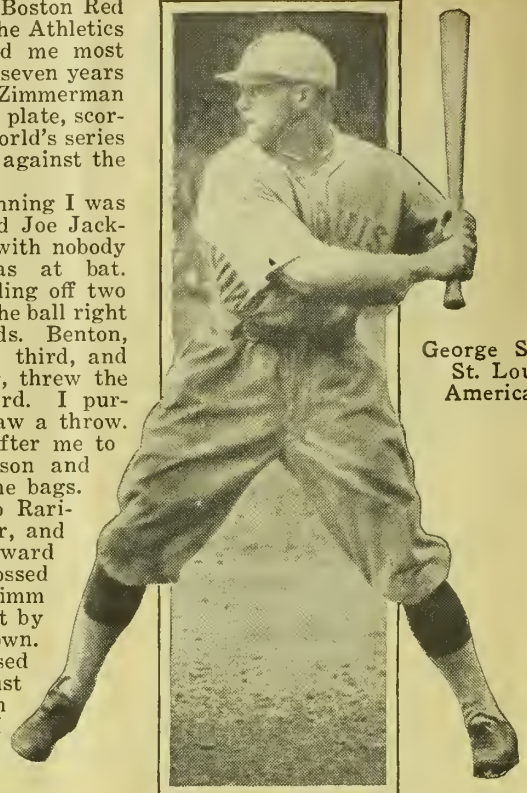
George Kelly,
New York
Nationals



off Smoky Joe Wood of the Boston Red Sox, winning the game for the Athletics 6 to 5. That play thrilled me most until the October afternoon seven years later when I outran Heinie Zimmerman from third base to the home plate, scoring a run that cinched the world's series for the Chicago White Sox against the Giants.

In the fourth inning I was on third base and Joe Jackson was on first with nobody out. Felsch was at bat. Felsch, after fouling off two strikes, bounded the ball right back into the pitcher's hands. Benton, the pitcher, looked over to third, and seeing me way off the bag, threw the ball to Zimmerman on third. I purposely took this lead to draw a throw. As Zimm came running after me to tag me I waved to Jackson and Felsch to hustle round the bags. Zimm tossed the ball to Rariden, the Giant catcher, and he chased me back toward third. Then he tossed to Zimm and Zimm tried to tag me out by running me down. When I had passed the catcher I just kept right on going. I knew that nothing

George Sisler,
St. Louis
Americans



tain and sent someone else in to catch and I held down first base. We beat the pants off the Canucks, 12 to 2, or some such score. As for thrills in the actual playing of the game of baseball, I didn't get any. What did impress me, though, was the idea of playing in Germany, the surroundings, the strangeness of the diamond—we played on the Kaiserplatz—and the on-lookers at the game—Canadians, Americans, and German townspeople.

Here in this medieval university city with its old turrets and roofs looking down on us we were tossing a baseball around in earnest play on the field where formerly the German soldiers used to goose-step away good afternoons when they could just as well have been employed, for all the war got them, playing baseball.

The little German boys jabbered and made as big a fuss over a high foul as they did over a three base hit. After the last out a mob of little Heinies surrounded us. I expected them to ask us for old baseball and gloves. They surprised me, though. They wanted chewing gum. We started the American habit of chewing gum in Bonn, but I don't know whether or not we started the other great American habit—baseball. I hope we did, and that the Bonn kids are playing today on the old Kaiserplatz.

WHEN I OUTRAN ZIMMERMAN
By Eddie Collins, Chicago Americans

ON my birthday in 1910 I knocked out a home run in the last half of the ninth inning



© Keystone View Co.
Hank Gowdy,
New York Nationals



© Keystone View Co.
Grover Cleveland
Alexander,
Chicago Nationals



© Keystone View Co.
Rabbit Maranville,
Pittsburg Nationals

stood in my way. I knew that I had to beat Zimmerman, who was thundering along behind me. Some persons said that I stopped and kidded Zimmerman. I did not.

In touching the plate for the run that put us in the lead I got my greatest thrill. Of course I hated to see Zimmerman criticized for the play. He wasn't entirely to blame for trying to tag me out. He should have had someone in addition to the catcher protecting the home plate.

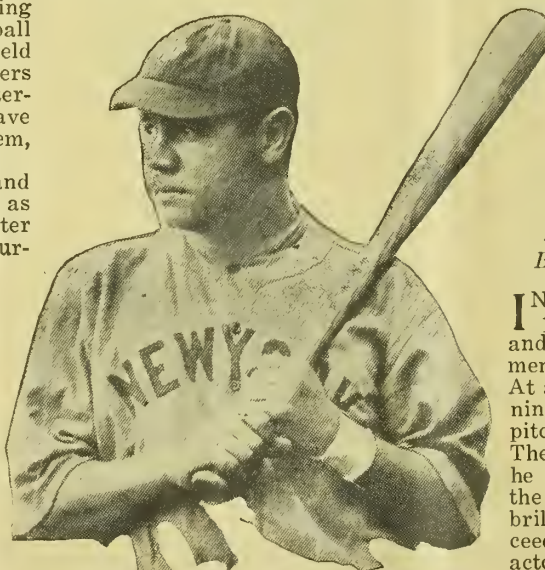
We got three runs in that inning and won the game, 4 to 2.

The only thing that detracted from my thrill was that Zimmerman received so much criticism. We were old friends, for we had played semi-pro ball together at Red Hook, New York, back in 1906 before either of us went to the big leagues.

A TRIPLE PLAY UNASSISTED
By Tris Speaker, Cleveland Americans

IN the nineties the Baltimore Orioles perfected a play known as the hit and run. It goes this way: Say two men are on the bases and a man at bat. At a signal the men on bases start running at full speed the instant the pitcher throws the ball to the batter. The batter smashes at the ball, and if he connects safely, the basemen have the advantage of a flying start. It's a brilliant bit of baseball when it succeeds, but when it fails it makes the actors in it look foolish.

Still, many managers swear by the play, among them Wilbur Robinson, (Continued on page 20)



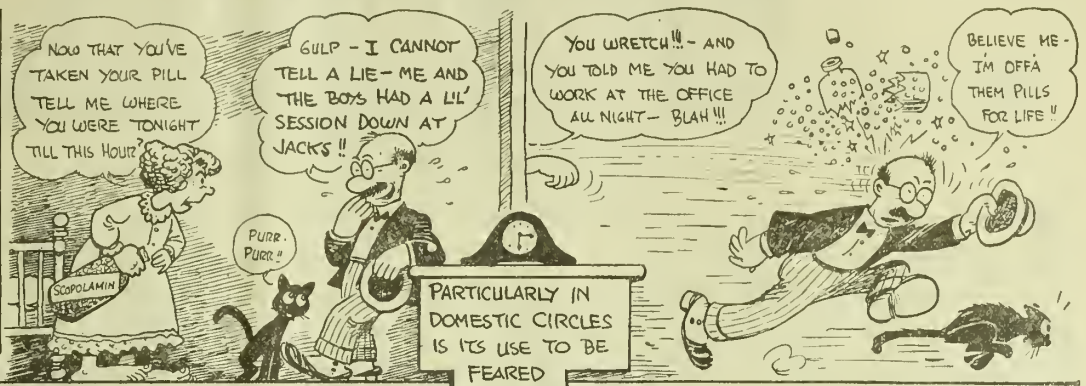
Babe Ruth, New York Americans

Ain't It the Truth?

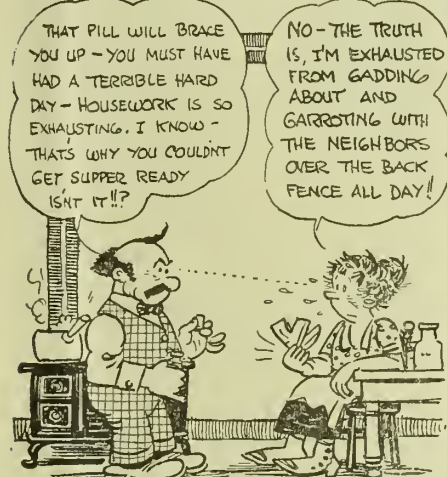
By Wallgren

SCOPOLAMIN IS A NEW DRUG THAT RENDERS A PERSON INCAPABLE OF LYING.

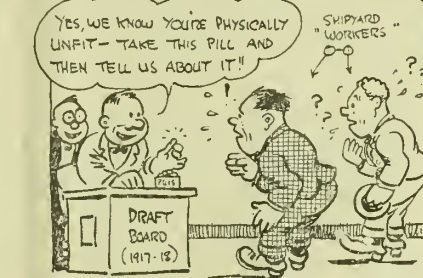
IT IS INTENDED FOR USE IN MAKING CRIMINALS TESTIFY TRUTHFULLY— BUT— IMAGINE THE TERRIBLE RESULTS IF IT EVER CAME INTO COMMON USE SOCIALLY !!!?



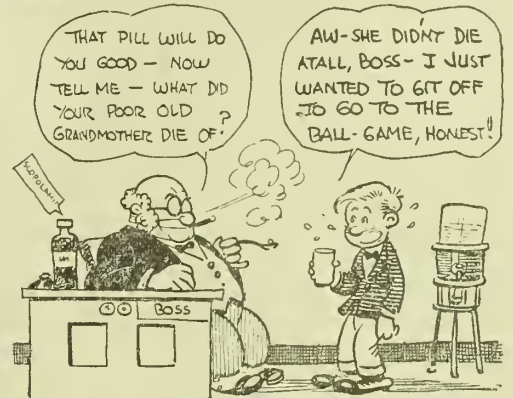
GOLF PLAYERS WOULD GET MORE THAN AN EVEN BREAK IF THEY COULD PERSUADE THEIR OPPONENTS TO TAKE A SHOT OF SCOPOLAMIN AT EACH HOLE.



HUSBANDS COULD TRY IT OUT ON THEIR BETTER HALVES WHEN THE SUPPER ISN'T READY ON TIME.



WOULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN A GREAT IDEA TO HAVE SUPPLIED THE DRAFTBOARDS WITH IT?



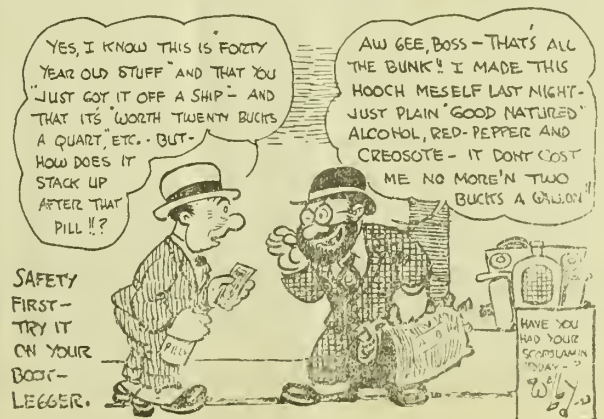
OFFICE BOYS SHOULD BE MADE TO TAKE IT EVERY TIME THEIR "GRANDMOTHERS" HAVE A FUNERAL DURING THE BASEBALL SEASON —



DOUBTING SWEETHEARTS MIGHT USE IT TO A HORRIBLE ADVANTAGE BY DOPING CANDY AND CIGARETTES WITH SCOPOLAMIN.



WOULDN'T IT BE A TERRIBLE THING TO SLIP A QUANTITY OF SCOPOLAMIN INTO THE "LADIES SEWING CIRCLE TEA" AS A PRACTICAL JOKE - ?!!!*!!



SAFETY FIRST - TRY IT ON YOUR BOO-LEGGERS.

EDITORIAL

An Air Limitations Conference Would End the Crazy Race for International Supremacy

THE French senate recently approved without reservations the naval limitations treaty which was drawn by representatives of the five leading sea powers at the Washington conference in 1921. This completes the ratification of that pact which two years ago meant so much to the world.

It still means a great deal. National fears have been allayed, a better understanding has been renewed among nations which lately endured war together, peoples have been relieved of appalling burdens of taxation and a substitute found, in one instance, for the old senseless armament contests so pregnant with danger and evil. This is all true, and yet the ratification of the 1921 naval agreement is of diminished significance because in the two years that have elapsed since it was written a new menace, or rather an old menace in new form, has presented itself. This is the race for supremacy in the air.

The fortification of the air, for offensive and defensive purposes, but chiefly the former—a problem which passed unnoted in 1921—stands in 1923 as one of the principal causes of political anxiety which disturbs the tranquillity of the world. It is virtually the only such problem in the militaristic category. The Washington treaty disposes of the sea-power question. The land-power question has about solved itself for the time being. Only France and Russia maintain large armies.

NONE can rightly question the wisdom of France in declining to reduce her military establishment below 461,000 native French and 199,000 colonial troops as long as Germany flouts her pledged word and will respond to nothing except force, and as long as Russia, though her peasants starve, keeps the largest army in the world, still with the hope of spreading the Red terror throughout Europe. She would have succeeded in some measure ere

this had it not been for French bayonets. Her assault on Poland, stopped only by French tacticians at the gates of Warsaw, is evidence of that. The French army of today, however, is much smaller than it was in 1913, although it serves not only France but the world.

So the questions of land and of sea-power give no alarm; but with the question of air-power this is not so. In the amazing development of air armament France has taken the lead. For a long time she built quietly, apparently unregarded by other nations. Then suddenly the world awakened to the fact that France had so armed the air as to render herself not only virtually impregnable from attack, but had constructed an offensive weapon more swift and terrible than anything yet known.

THE sensitive mechanism of European diplomacy registered alarm all over that continent. Taking counsel of their fears, Britain and Italy feverishly began voting staggering credits and constructing planes to meet the French "threat." Russia imports German mechanics and German machinery and talks of building 10,000 fighting planes. The United States must do something. If the race is on we must enter. So the experts in Washington figure on doubling our air appropriation by next year and proceed to popularize the idea by trans-continental flights and speculation on a trip by air around the world. Facing the facts as they are, this is wise business.

But there is a better way out. That is to alter the facts—to end this crazy air race as we ended the crazy naval race. It is worse than folly to say it cannot be done. It is stupidity to say so, because it can be done. An international conference for the limitation of air armament could remove this menace. One should be called. It should be called now. Delay complicates the situation and heightens the danger to everybody.

Further Memoirs of a Conscientious Shavetail

The Singers of Ste. Ménéhould

WE'D had a few days at Courtisols—a terrible village with just one street, seven kilometres long. Trying to check up and re-equip the regiment in the villainous place had taken the tuck out of us almost as completely as the week-long show on Blanc Mont Ridge, which had preceded this supposed rest. We did get some consolation out of the story of the troubles of the Marine Brigade, for the French taskmasters had taken them off on a fake cruise that was giving them four days' extra marching. Our morale, however, was bobbing up and down not far from the zero mark, dependent upon the rumor of the minute.

If we had known then that some pink-panted General Staff artists had decided back in the rarefied atmosphere of Chaumont that Blanc Mont—our worse party—was not worthy of designation as a major engagement, we'd all have been too mad to move. But when the unheralded customary order of "clear Courtisols in one hour" came, we cleared—glad to get farther away from the memories of the week before. For two long days we marched, headed toward the Argonne, which, despite all the heavy fighting up there, meant little to us just then.

Later in the afternoon of the third day the column, feeling pretty sorry for itself and still gloomy over the loss of half the regiment in the last bitter squabble among the chalk hills of Champagne, came plodding down into the valley which held Ste. Ménéhould. The usual command of attention at the outskirts didn't straighten us up very much. The packs felt like Mack trucks planted on our backs. The sun, never appearing when it was welcome, had blazed out of a muggy sky and was giving us a last cruel slap on our grimy necks. And those British gunboats of field shoes which refused to give anywhere were receiving one of the occasional spasms of loud condemnation in my particular outfit. I had on American ones, having an able and really remarkable thief for a striker, but I was so near all in that I'd have agreed with any conchie right then about all wars, righteous or otherwise.

We quieted down a bit finally, hav-



"We're going to drink to the best regiment on earth"

ing been properly exhorted, pushed our helmets straight and proceeded to enter the main square in a more or less military manner. Hobnails crackled on the rough cobbles and the combat wagons behind us clattered down the long steep hill to the accompaniment of vivid and lurid yelling from the mule skinnners. The town knew something was arriving, although there was not a peep emitted from the marching column itself.

Now back in July, after what had happened at Soissons, when most of the old outfit went down in the first few hours of fast and desperate fighting, we had finally got ourselves back out of range after being relieved, having double-timed gladly most of the way. There had been no trouble getting all of us who were left into one big farmyard, really a remarkable one. In its center stood quite the largest of all French manure piles. We slept where we fell that night, but most of us had staggered under some kind of cover. Luckily enough, too, because along about midnight some cropped-headed young Richthofen had dropped

about a ton of Boche dynamite on us and made a bull's-eye in the exact center of that venerable pile. Some bomb—there wasn't a white spot left on any of the surrounding buildings, and the regimental Dodge, standing dejectedly in one corner, was completely buried. Only one soldier was hurt doing guard over the old frog's treasures, but it was the last straw to everyone's shattered nerves. The Boche dropped only one or two more, but the remainder of the night was pandemonium—everyone milling around in the dark cursing and hollering. To these men the loss of most of their squad and all their best buddies was enough—any bomb-dropping after that was altogether too much.

So with the break of day the old man and Pinkie, second in command, decided that the morale of the outfit needed doctoring toot sweet. Pinkie spent all day trying to make them sing. It would have been funny at that, had it not been for the tragic look in those hundreds of Italian eyes. Pinkie was fairly round and grew crimson of face as, with sweat dripping down out of his red hair, he did valiant things to make these little Wop warriors of ours put some steam into "Good Morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip," but the songfest wasn't an outstanding success. They would fight, yes, and go through hell if necessary, but damned if they could sing after any such days as those just behind them.

The remnants of the band—they were the stretcher-bearers in those days—played a bit, and when the old man in his enormous boots clumped out a weird fox trot with the medico the men grinned rather feebly, but their singing was only half-hearted. As far as that goes, they never had sung as they were supposed to in those pretty war stories—at least we'd never heard them until this Ste. Ménéhould affair.

Pinkie had left us back in August to take command of our sister regiment, so the men hadn't seen much of him. But as we hit the center of Ste. Ménéhould that day there was Pinkie—a big eagle on each shoulder, round and rosy as ever, standing in the doorway of the village Ritz to watch his

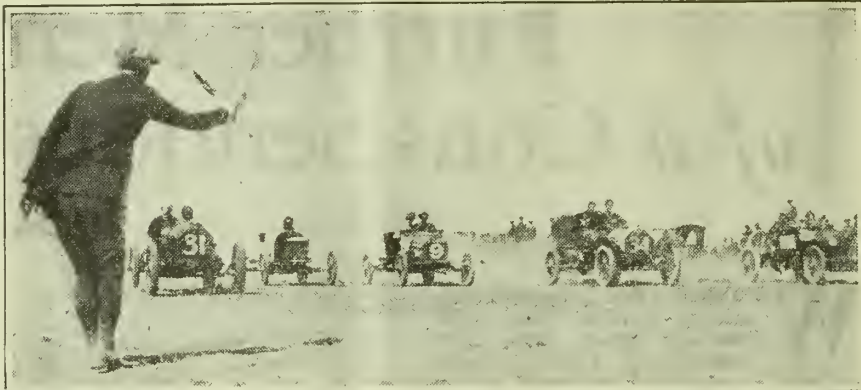
(Continued on page 19)

National Education Week Plans Get an Early Start

LEGION posts throughout the United States will open the annual national patriotic revival, American Education Week, on November 18th. Last year and the year before millions of American school children joined with The American Legion and the National Education Association in observing the week, and the parents of these children and citizens generally were given a new understanding of the needs of the schools and the problems which American educators are working out. This year's observance will be even more extensive than those of the two years past.

The National Americanism Commission of the Legion has prepared a general program, covering each day of the week, which is suitable for adoption by all posts. The program calls for first meetings on Sunday, November 18th. On this day ministers of all denominations will be asked to preach sermons on education. During the five school days of the week parents and citizens generally will be invited to visit the classrooms, in which they may observe the regular courses of instruction and learn what teachers are trying to accomplish by modern educational methods.

Monday, November 19th, will be known as American Constitution Day. The other special days will be: Tuesday, Patriotism Day; Wednesday, School and Teacher Day; Thursday, End-Illiteracy Day; Friday, Community Day, and Saturday, Physical Education Day.



No car valued at more than fifty dollars was permitted to enter the motor marathon conducted by the Santa Ana (California) Legion. Fun? Guess!

Throughout the week Legionnaires will broadcast the slogan, "Visit the schools today," and on each day will popularize other slogans which tell in words which will be remembered the needs of the schools and the children in them. Especial emphasis will be placed on the necessity of having better trained and better paid teachers and more adequate school buildings. The Legion's fight to end illiteracy in the United States by 1927 will also be emphasized.

On Physical Education Day exercises will be held on playgrounds and efforts will be made to start a movement for adequate play facilities in communities where these

are lacking. On this day also the country's need in conservation and development of forests, soil, roads and other resources will be proclaimed.

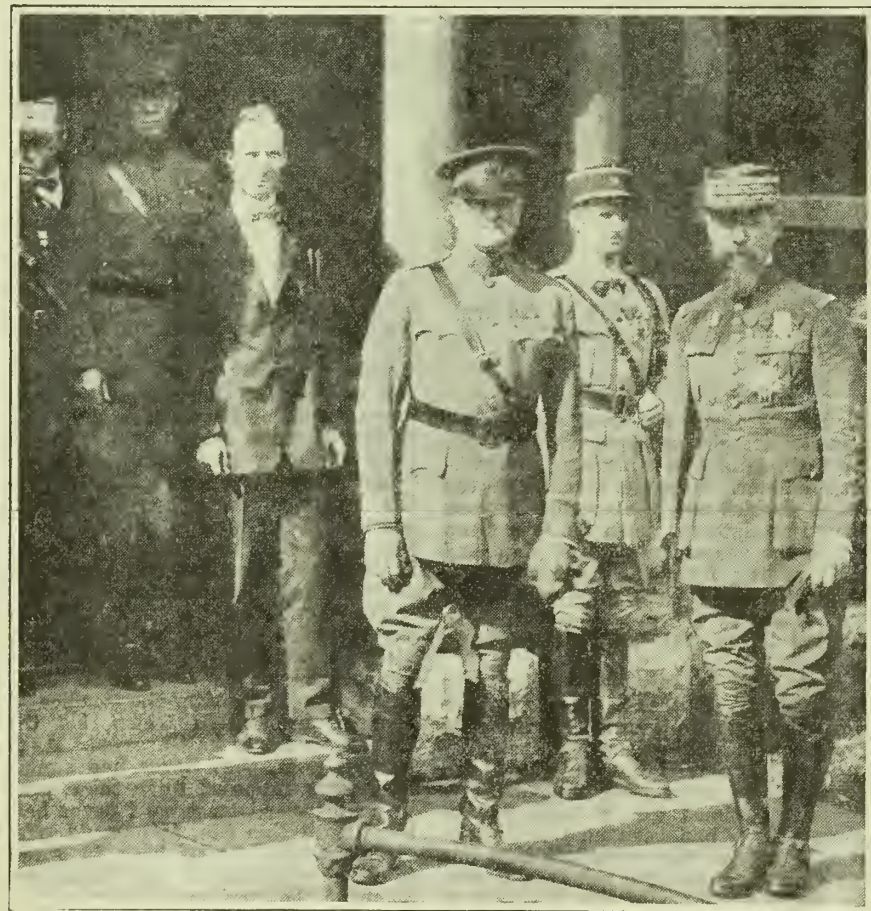
Churches, chambers of commerce, labor organizations, women's organizations, fraternal bodies, luncheon clubs and other agencies will be invited to join with the Legion in the observance of the week. Mayors will be asked to issue proclamations calling on the people of their communities to help take part in the exercises. Merchants will be urged to make appropriate window displays and to devote part of their newspaper advertising space to Education Week. Slides will be flashed on the screens in motion picture theaters urging the people to visit the schools and study educational questions. Legion posts and Legionnaires will also advertise Education Week on their letterheads and envelopes.

No Rolls-Royces or Renaults Allowed in This Contest

WHEN The American Legion Post at Santa Ana, California, conducted an automobile race, the crowd saw no flashing, thundering machines hurtling about a track at more than a hundred miles an hour. For the race was limited to ancient automobiles whose value did not exceed \$50. These derelicts from motor-car boneyards wheezed around the track at the terrific speed of twenty-five miles an hour, narrowly escaping collisions and skidding at every opportunity, and the crowd got ten times the delight it would have had from a real speed contest. The photo shows the venerable buggies lined up for the jump off.

Legionnaires in France Want New Department Name

THE national convention of the Legion at San Francisco will be asked to change the name of the Department of Continental Europe to the Department of France, in accordance with a resolution adopted at the recent convention of the department held in Paris. At the department convention the following officers for the coming year were elected: Commander, H. H. Harjes, of Morgan, Harjes & Co.; vice-commander, B. H. Connor, American attorney in Paris; finance officer, E. Levasseur; historian, V. J. Oldshue, editor of the *Paris Evening Telegram*; adjutant, A. N. Connert; chaplain, the Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, dean of the American pro-cathedral in Paris; judge advocate, Leon Frazer, formerly executive officer of the United States Veterans Bureau in Washington. Samuel P. Bailey, of the Paris branch of the Equitable Trust Company, of



A VISIT TO THE LEGION'S G.H.Q.—General Gouraud, commander of the French forces in the Champagne offensive of 1918, in which the Rainbow Division played a part, pays a visit to National Headquarters in Indianapolis, accompanied by Legionnaire John J. Pershing. They were in Indianapolis as honor guests of the Rainbow reunion. At General Pershing's right is Robert A. Adams, National Judge Advocate of the Legion

New York, was elected National Executive Committeeman. The post clubrooms are now located at 16 Avenue Wagram, in a building which sheltered the Etoile Club during the war.

"Don't Lie About the Legion" Is the Moral of This Story

WHEN Arthur Lorenz, editor of the *Staats-Zeitung* of Chicago, in the winter of 1921 wrote an editorial denouncing all service men of the World War and Legionnaires in particular, he fashioned a highly-effective insult. The Regular Army which had gone into the war was, he said, "almost without exception, tramps, vagabonds and bums." The volunteers of 1917, according to Mr. Lorenz, "undeniably placed the American uniform only a shade higher than the garb of the prison house."

By the time he had written these phrases, Mr. Lorenz seems to have attained an incandescent zeal, for he went on: "When The American Legion claims as its nucleus these volunteers it is naturally treading on dangerous ground, for the possibility of a relapse of those elements into their earlier pursuits is imminent, and criminal warrant might effect their undoing. The other members of the Legion were simply conscripts, who obeyed the call to arms under a hated compulsion, and in the presence of this state of affairs could not in any way show any particular patriotism."

Mr. Lorenz, after getting all this off his mind, drew the following conclusion: "The wearers of the uniform are today waging war against justice and law in America."

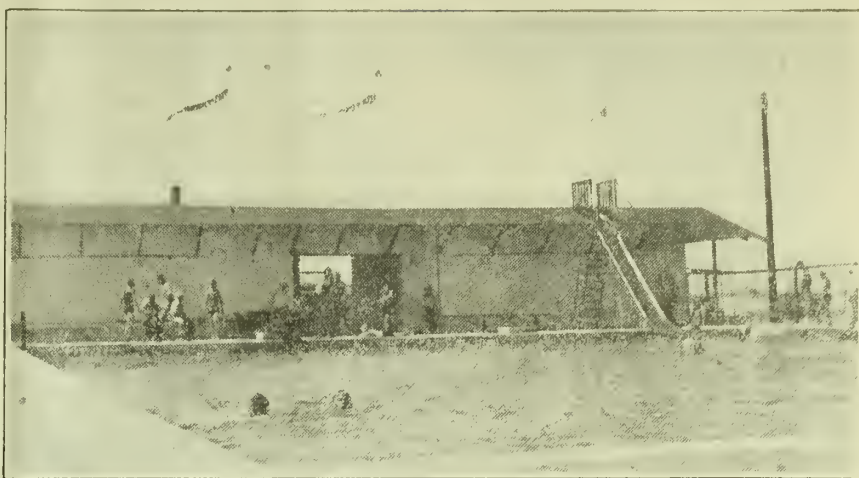
As an insult, Mr. Lorenz's editorial was effective, but from a legal standpoint it was as defective as the Kaiser's mind itself. Unfortunately for Mr. Lorenz, the law of libel in our benighted and kulturless land provides a remedy for the victim of an outrageously untruthful insult. The American Legion in Chicago decided to give Lorenz a chance to prove his case.

James C. Russell, a captain of the military intelligence section of the General Staff during the World War and commander of Black Hawk Post of The American Legion, translated Mr. Lorenz's editorial and brought it to the attention of a grand jury, which promptly indicted Mr. Lorenz on a charge of criminal libel.

For two years Lorenz remained untried because he had left the State. Recently he was arrested in St. Paul, Minn., where he was working on a German newspaper. He was brought back to Chicago for trial, Black Hawk Post of the Legion advancing \$175 to pay the expenses of his return.

Attorney J. K. Murphy, Assistant National Judge Advocate of the Legion, was retained by the Department of Illinois to assist in the prosecution, and Robert A. Adams, National Judge Advocate of the Legion, was called to Chicago also to help in the case. Gerald V. Barron, commander of the Minnesota department, represented the Legion in the legal fight necessary to have Lorenz returned to Chicago for trial.

Attorneys for Lorenz elected to stand on the testimony of only one witness, a linguist, who criticized the language of the translation upon which the indictment was based. When he offered his own translation, however, it was declared fully as libelous as the original translation. The jury deliberated less than thirty minutes and returned a verdict of guilty. A motion for a new trial was denied and Judge Hugo Pam imposed a sentence of one dollar and costs and six months in the house of Correction.



Fred Hilburn Post of Douglas, Arizona, put this pool on the map

This Post Watered Its Stock and Reaped a Harvest

THE old family bathtub had a rough life in Douglas, Arizona, and swimming was rated as an impossible luxury until Fred Hilburn Post of The American Legion got into action. As in many other Southwestern cities, water in Douglas is almost as valuable as pre-war champagne, and when the post tried to get city officials to build a swimming pool at the city waterworks the proposal seemed scandalously profligate at first. But the post organized a corporation, selling \$6,500 worth of stock to the public. The pool shown in the picture was constructed at the pumping station, two miles from the city. It is ninety by sixty feet and the water in it is as wet as any water that exists.

The Legion leased the ground and made a contract with the city for surplus water pumped from wells which had been going to waste. At the start the post received \$400 worth of stock for turning its lease over to the corporation. Later it acquired, largely by gift, enough stock to give it a quarter interest in the whole enterprise. It was agreed that it should receive eight percent of the net profit made by the enterprise.

The dividends on the stock and the operating profit have insured the post an annual return large enough to meet all its anticipated expenses in other activi-

ties for years to come. The business men who helped finance the enterprise by buying stock have also found their investment profitable. During the two months of operation last year, ten thousand bathers used the pool.

Legion Aid Makes the Three R's Possible for These Kids

THERE are several thousand soldiers at Schofield Barracks, T. H., which is twenty-five miles from Honolulu and the beach at Waikiki. The Territory of Hawaii maintained a grade school at the post, but there was no high school or kindergarten for the smaller children. Soldiers with families began to seek transfers to a place where their children might be better cared for. The problem became serious. An army officer's wife organized a private kindergarten and some high school classes. The cost was maintained by the parents of the children. But facilities were limited and the cost weighed so heavily that success was threatened.

Then The American Legion got busy, and as a result of a series of entertainments, raised the wherewithal for a reorganization of the Schofield Barracks school system. The new educational establishment is now on a sound basis, its upkeep being met by the proceeds from four motion picture shows at the barracks which are operated by the Legion.



Kindergarten playhouse, Schofield Barracks School

Alaska and Mississippi Exceed Graves' Quotas; 26 Departments Now Over Top

GRAVES FUND TOTAL

To July 21st.....	\$134,427.85
Week ending July 28th.....	6,649.25

Total to July 28th..... \$141,077.10

THE names of Alaska and Mississippi appear in bold-face type in this week's showing of the standing of all Legion departments on the basis of funds raised toward their respective quotas of the Overseas Graves Decoration Fund, marking these two departments thereby as the 25th and 26th to attain the full allotment assigned them on a basis of membership. The standings are as follows:

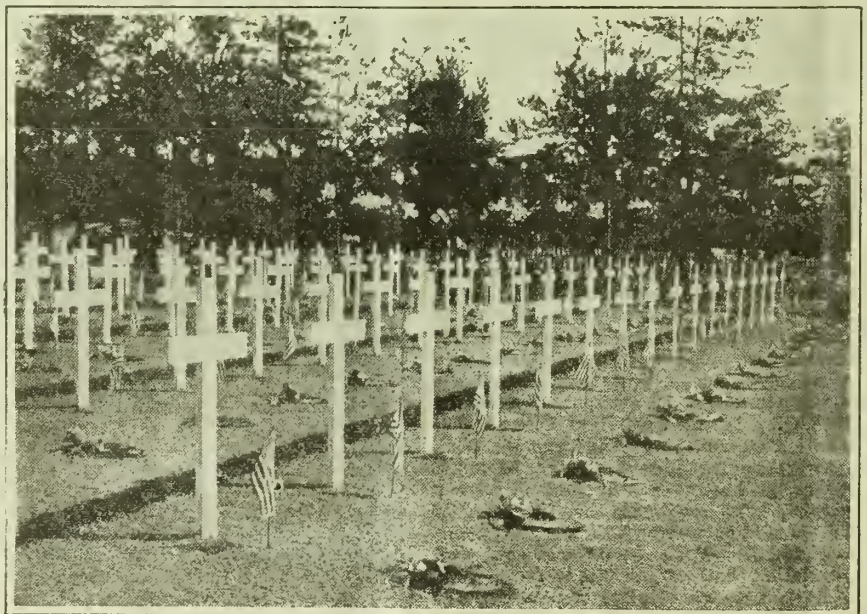
	Amount	Percent.
Alabama.....	\$356.40	.476
Alaska	165.10	1.040
Arizona.....	657.45	1.180
Argentine.....	25.00	2.190
Arkansas.....	1,649.95	1.039
Brazil.....	25.00	1.450
California.....	3,760.92	.517
Canada.....	24.45	2.840
Canal Zone.....	102.68	.880
China.....	21.02	.453
Colorado.....	751.99	.460
Connecticut.....	2,913.15	1.750
Cuba.....	54.50	1.220
Delaware.....	290.42	2.138
District of Columbia.....	1,202.15	1.190
Florida.....	1,169.59	.781
Georgia.....	1,267.49	1.132
Hawaii.....	277.50	1.227
Idaho.....	530.84	.675
Illinois.....	6,009.84	.440
Indiana.....	4,656.00	.707
Iowa.....	5,160.39	.440
Japan.....	100.00	4.580
Kansas.....	2,974.75	.451
Kentucky.....	1,606.65	.700
Louisiana.....	603.43	.278
Maine.....	1,371.82	.681
Maryland.....	1,558.90	1.765
Massachusetts.....	8,199.76	.877
Mexico.....	175.50	2.580
Michigan.....	3,990.03	.665
Minnesota.....	4,797.05	.538
Mississippi.....	1,517.62	1.090
Missouri.....	1,253.91	.184
Montana.....	999.15	.695
Nebraska.....	1,995.89	.401
Nevada.....	77.25	.334
New Hampshire.....	1,803.41	1.133
New Jersey.....	4,955.89	1.094
New Mexico.....	896.08	1.470
New York.....	6,913.68	.474
North Carolina.....	770.27	.341
North Dakota.....	1,243.73	.462
Ohio.....	9,468.96	.792
Oklahoma.....	3,165.16	.755
Oregon.....	614.85	.273
Pennsylvania.....	11,177.14	.764
Philippine Islands.....	30.20	1.000
Rhode Island.....	2,147.29	2.480
South Carolina.....	1,349.98	1.303
South Dakota.....	1,058.65	.308
Tennessee.....	778.61	.417
Texas.....	1,733.49	.417
Utah.....	495.65	.973
Vermont.....	2,106.14	1.570
Virginia.....	1,403.12	.826
Washington.....	3,869.58	1.406
West Virginia.....	3,543.65	2.144
Wisconsin.....	4,826.62	.751
Wyoming.....	854.35	1.155

Contributions to the Overseas Graves Endowment Fund, the income from which will be devoted in perpetuity to the decoration on Memorial Day of the resting places of America's soldier and sailor dead on foreign soil, should be sent to the National Treasurer of the Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana. All contributions of one dollar or over are being acknowledged in the Weekly. The following are hereby acknowledged:

ALABAMA, SELMA: Jewish Congregation Mishkan Israel, \$5.
 ARIZONA, TUCSON: Auxiliary to Morgan McDermott Post, \$15; Morgan McDermott Post, \$5; FLAGSTAFF: Auxiliary to Mark A. Moore Post, \$5.
 CALIFORNIA, LONG BEACH: Ralph G. Reilly, \$2; NEWBURN: Newman Post, \$10; OAKLAND: Auxiliary to Oakland Post, \$5; OREGON: Auxiliary to Tommy A. Thompson Post, \$3.60; PALO ALTO: Fremont Post, \$25; DEL REY: Joseph Mikelson Post, \$5; SAN FRANCISCO: Golden Gate Post, \$5; PLACERVILLE: Placerville Parlor No. 9, N. S. G. W., \$25; BISHOP: Auxiliary to Post 118, \$20.
 COLORADO, MONTE VISTA: Auxiliary to James G. Hamilton Post, \$25; GROVER: William D. Woodard, \$1; JOHNSTOWN: Leslie March Post, \$12.25.

CONNECTICUT, RIDGEFIELD: *Fierili Raymond Seymour* Post, \$10; HARTFORD: *Charles A. Frazee* Post, \$5; SOUTH NORWALK: *Frank C. Godfrey* Post, \$13; Proceeds of Poppy Day, \$25; WATERBURY: Dr. George M. Smith, \$5; SOUTHTON: *Kil-tonic Post*, \$10; IVORYTON: *Russell E. Stannard*, \$2.
 CHINA, CANTON: *Canton Post*, \$15.
 FLORIDA, KEY WEST: *Arthur Sawyer* Post, \$25.20; GEORGIA, PELHAM: B. J. Kincaid, \$5.
 HAWAII, HILO: *Auxiliary to Hilo*, \$2; L. D. Wood, \$2; H. Schiele, \$2; A. J. Larson, \$2; Bert Johnson, \$1; James Prindle, \$2; J. A. Rondthaler, \$1; James Synkora, \$1; H. N. Wade, \$2; J. Moore, \$1; P. Petit, \$1; Hugh Mair, \$1; A. J. Roelf, \$1; G. Needham, \$1; E. Lindgren, \$1; F. Smith, \$1; George Burnett, \$2; Laverne Woodard, \$2; D. Anderson, \$1; R. F. Wolcott, \$1; T. W. Thorsen, \$1; F. W. Viven, \$1; Dr. H. R. Mostrom, \$1; Dr. J. C. West, \$1; H. Fisher, \$1; J. H. Sanders, \$1; G. O. Kerfoot, \$1; B. B. Paddock, \$1; A. W. Rowe, \$1; W. Selfridge, \$1; Frank Snow, \$1; T. W. Snow, \$1; H. C. Storm, \$1; C. E. Ward, \$1; E. Staffinger, \$1; Fred Field, \$1; L. Hill, \$1; A. Lundberg, \$1; J. S. Hettlinger, \$1; A. G. Johnson, \$1; M. Alexander, \$1; J. Gustafson, \$1; C. L. Hanson, \$1; H. T. Windsor, \$2; A. J. Mier, \$2; Dr. F. E. Downs, \$1; Martin Nelson, \$1; Nickolas Johnson, \$1; E. M. Oswald, \$1.
 INDIA, BANGALORE: Zenas A. Olson, \$1.
 INDIANA, WILLIAMS: Citizens of Williams, \$1.07; ROSEDALE: Dr. C. S. White, \$10; ANDERSON: *Voyageur Local* \$10, \$10; INDIANAPOLIS: *Auxiliary to John H. Holiday* Post, \$10; *George Drury* Post, \$1; *Auxiliary to George Drury* Post, \$25; BOONVILLE: *Warrior Post*, \$25; *Monticello: Thornton Williams* Post, \$10; WHITING: *Whiting Post*, \$25; FT. WAYNE: *Auxiliary to Ft. Wayne Post*, \$5; RENSSELAER: *Auxiliary to Dewey Biggs* Post, \$5; SHERIDAN: *Auxiliary to K. V. Elliott* Post, \$50; DUNKIRK: *Ralph Burger* Post, \$18.86; FOWLER: *Auxiliary to Fowler Post*, \$10; GREENWOOD: *Auxiliary to Greenwood Post*, \$9.40; COLUMBUS: *Columbus Post and Auxiliary*, \$17.50.
 IOWA, WATERLOO: *Auxiliary to Becker Chapman* Post, \$10; GILMAN: *David Alonzo Paul* Post, \$9; MAPLETON: *Loren Hol-lister* Post, \$3.15; SALEM: W. W. Simkin, \$2.50; W. E. Simkin, \$2.50; *Simkin Pidgeon* Post, \$5; *Auxiliary to Simkin Pidgeon Post*, \$5; OTTUMWA: H. W. Vinson, \$5.
 KANSAS, KANSAS CITY: *Wyandotte Post*, \$5; COLDWATER: *Auxiliary to Comanche Post*, \$15; COVET: George Dickinson, \$1; SMITH CENTER: *U. S. Center Post*, \$5; PITTSBURG: F. Deere-wester, \$1; INDEPENDENCE: *Harold P. Andrews* Post, \$79.28; WELLSVILLE: *Louis H. Hanson* Post, \$4.15; Waverly: *Clarence Hall Post*, \$5; LURAY: *Rosner Post*, \$17.60; SENECA: *Earle H. Taylor* Post, \$37.20; ATITCA: *Auxiliary to Atitca Post*, \$11.85; ARRED: *Auxiliary to Walter Shors* Post, \$25; LEONIA: *Eddie Delseri* Post, \$12.50; A. O. Delaney, \$2.50; Mrs. F. A. Cogswell, \$1; L. A. Sherman, \$1; Sam Davis, \$1; Rev. H. T. Wright, \$2; E. A. Nigus, \$1; O. L. Dennis, \$1; W. L. Kienle, \$1; Guy Harper, \$1; Yant Wiley, \$1.
 KENTUCKY, LOUISVILLE: *Jefferson Post*, \$500; Sam Golsten, \$2; Mason J. Johnson, \$2; BOWLING GREEN: *Claude Huff* Post, \$15.
 LOUISIANA, NEW ORLEANS: W. A. Brock, \$1; Henry M. Berliner, \$1; Harry E. Taylor, \$1; John H. Nola, \$1; John T. Blocker, \$1; Mordechi Tonkonogy, \$1; Kate Green, \$1; Arthur Fridge, \$1; John J. Finnorn, \$1; Arthur Martin, \$1; Joseph Mitchell, \$1; William N. Schantz, \$1.
 MAINE, SACO: *Richard C. Owen* Post, \$5; HALLOWELL: *Auxiliary to Frank E. Goodrich* Post, \$9; YORK VILLAGE: *Auxiliary to Post 56*, \$33.25; WOODFORD: *Auxiliary to Post 129*, \$10; SKOWHEGAN: *Simon Peters* Post, \$10.50; PITTSFIELD: *Olis N. Vining* Post, \$10.
 MARYLAND, BALTIMORE: National Bank, \$6.15; ABERDEEN: W. C. T. U., \$7.80; HAYRE DE GRACE: *Joseph L. Davis* Post, \$74.23.
 MASSACHUSETTS, BOSTON: *American Legion Department of Massachusetts*, \$2,666.59; James C. White, \$3; ATHOL: Alice

R. Johnson, \$5; NORTH EASTON: *George S. Shepard* Post, \$10; CHARLEMON: *Patrick J. Cane* Post, \$10; AMHERST: school children, \$22.50; Episcopal Mission of Grace Church, \$13.54; NORTHBORO: *Vincent F. Picard* Post, \$10; MERRIMAC: *Auxiliary to Stanley F. Wood* Post, \$5; NORTH AGAWAM: *Roland Reed*, \$1; Earl Hitchcock, \$1.
 MEXICO, TAMPICO: *Josephine A. Menzies*, \$10.
 MICHIGAN, BATTLE CREEK: *Auxiliary to George A. Custer* Post, \$5; CHEVASE: *Louis Rouman* Post, \$5; LOWELL: *Auxiliary to Charles W. Clark* Post, \$5; BEAR LAKE: *Arvus E. McCarey* Post, \$3.50; WHITE PIGEON: *Swartz Van Fleet* Post, \$11.20; BAY CITY: F. Sweeney, \$2; M. Ealy, \$2; P. Thompson, \$1; L. C. Witt, \$5; W. R. Macklean, \$1; George Dhas, \$1; Charles Tinkle, \$1; R. S. Pope, \$5; Lyle Clift, \$2; W. R. Wells, \$2; C. Clark, \$1; Paul Peterson, \$1; M. L. Smith, \$2; R. P. Leahy, \$2; O. F. Louis, \$2; Jack Coffey, \$1; *Auxiliary to Post 18*, \$5.
 MINNESOTA, BOVEY: *Bovey Post*, \$5; LUVERNE: *Auxiliary to Dell Hogan* Post, \$3.75; GILBERT: *Mor Indhar Post*, \$15; BRICELYN: *Auxiliary to Nels Lee* Post, \$5; DUQUETTE: *Oak Lake cemetery Association*, \$1; LITCHFIELD: *Dr. J. E. Davis*, \$1; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Johns, \$2; R. W. Swanson, \$1; NORTH ST. PAUL: *North St. Paul Post*, \$10; BLOOMING PRAIRIE: *Auxiliary to Otto T. Lund* Post, \$2; WELLS: *Troika Post*, \$10; BARNUM: *Auxiliary to Post 415*, \$3; WINNEBAGO: *Auxiliary to Winnebago Post*, \$10; WATERTOWN: *Auxiliary to Watertown Post*, \$13.45; MINNEAPOLIS: *Blanche W. Scallen*, \$1; LUCAN: *Auxiliary to Lucan Post*, \$1; CROOKSTON: *Auxiliary to Crookston Post*, \$5; WINDOM: *Auxiliary to Windom Post*, \$4; ORTONVILLE: *Auxiliary to Post 97*, \$10; EDGEMONT: *Auxiliary to Edgemon Post*, \$17.
 MISSISSIPPI, FOREST: *Harry Banks* Post, \$1.
 MISSOURI, MOUND CITY: *Paul P. Shultz* Post, \$10.25; LOCKWOOD: *Roy E. Carr* Post, \$5; *Auxiliary to Roy E. Carr Post*, \$5; CARTEVIEW: *Chapter of War Mothers*, \$5; CLARKSDALE: *Shelby R. Thornton*, \$1.
 MONTANA, MANHATTAN: *Luke Kreul*, \$1; LIVINGSTON: *American Legion Auxiliary, Department of Montana*, \$37.45.
 NEBRASKA, EDGAR: *Warren Fletcher* Post, \$3.25; HERSCHEY: *Paul R. Martin* Post, \$5; FAIRMONT: *Auxiliary to Post 21*, \$6.40; PAGE: *Auxiliary to Post 315*, \$2; GERING: *Auxiliary to Post 36*, \$3; NORTH PLATTE: *Auxiliary to Post 61*, \$5; BRIDGEPORT: *Auxiliary to Post 29*, \$6.65; LINCOLN: *American Legion Auxiliary, Department of Nebraska*, \$50; OAK ALLE: *Auxiliary to Post 106*, \$11.40; STANTON: *Auxiliary to Post 84*, \$6.20; NORFOLK: *Auxiliary to Post 16*, \$40.20; PERU: *Auxiliary to Post 182*, \$3; WINSLOW: *Auxiliary to Post*, \$4.80; BENNETT: *Auxiliary to Post 280*, \$1.30; HEBRON: *Auxiliary to Post 180*, \$8.60; UTICA: *Auxiliary to Post 49*, \$5.20; YAVENNA: *Auxiliary to Post 332*, \$15.
 NEVADA, RENO: *Yerington: Auxiliary to Lyon County Post*, \$10; CHESTER: *Auxiliary to Manchester Post*, \$20; Isabelle Marvell, \$5; KEENE: *Auxiliary to Gordon Bissell* Post, \$15; EXETER: *Almon R. Pingree* Post, \$50; CLAREMONT: school children, \$13.89; FRANKLIN: *Arthur E. Shaw* Post, \$25.
 NEW JERSEY, RIDGEFIELD: *Walter Herbert Roemer* Post, \$5; NEWARK: *Auxiliary to 1st New Jersey Infantry Post*, \$5; St. Barnabas Episcopal Church, \$43; Roseville M. E. Church, \$14.51; St. Rose of Lima Catholic Church, \$10; Roseville Presbyterian Church, \$44.22; West Presbyterian Church, \$4.42; Tivoli Theatre, \$113.23; Central Theatre, \$52.53; City Theatre, \$2.76; Miscellaneous, \$7.61; RIVERSIDE: *Riverside Post*, \$5; GARFIELD: *Garfield Post*, \$10; GLEN RIDGE: *Post 125*, \$10; TRENTON: *American Legion Department of New Jersey*, \$1.345; PRINCETON: *Post 76*, \$6.75; IRVINGTON: *Auxiliary to Irvington Post*, \$25; FLEMINGTON: *Auxiliary to Flemington Post*, \$5; SOUTH AMBOY: *Auxiliary to Luke A. Lovely* Post, \$5; LYNDHURST: *Auxiliary to Harold Barringer* Post, \$8; WEST HOBOKEN: *Auxiliary to West Hoboken Post*, \$5; WEST NEW YORK: *Auxiliary to Charles A. Cusick* Post, \$15; WESTFIELD: *Auxiliary to Martin Wallberg* Post, \$5; BOGOTA: *Auxiliary to Clifford Dunn* Post, \$3; CAPE MAY: *Auxiliary to Harry Snyder* Post, \$2.50; HADDONFIELD: *Auxiliary to Haddonfield Post*, \$10; PITMAN: *Auxiliary to Elwood Kindle* Post, \$10; LEONIA: *Sgt. Clendenen Newell* Post, \$10; *Auxiliary to Clenden Newell Post*, \$15; ENGLEWOOD: *Auxiliary to Englewood Post*, \$15; *Auxiliary to North Side Post*, \$10; HELMETTA: *Auxiliary to Richard D. Burt* Post, \$5; BEVERLY: *Auxiliary to W. A. Conright Jr.* Post, \$3; WILDWOOD: *Auxiliary to Byron Pennington Crocker* Post, \$5; JAMESBURG: *Auxiliary to Star Post*, \$5; DUNELLEN: *Auxiliary to Dunellen Post*, \$5; EAST ORANGE: *Auxiliary to East Orange Post*, \$25; TOMS RIVER: *Auxiliary to George P. Vanderveer* Post, \$10; POINT PLEASANT: *Auxiliary to Joseph J. Clifton* Post, \$10; CARLISLE: *Auxiliary to G. C. Burkadt* Post, \$5; VENTNOR: *Auxiliary to James Harvey* Post, \$1; CARNEGIE: *Auxiliary to John Wesley Taylor* Post, \$10; SWEDENSBORO: *Auxiliary to William H. Swain* Post, \$10; LAKEWOOD: *Auxiliary to Lakewood Post*,



This is how the graves in the permanent A. E. F. cemetery at Brookwood, England, looked after they had been decorated by members of London Post of the Legion last Memorial Day. To make such an annual tribute possible forever wherever America's war dead lie in foreign ground is the Legion's aim in raising the Overseas Graves Endowment Fund

35: HIGHTSTOWN: Auxiliary to Hightstown Post, \$25; ELIZABETH: Auxiliary to Argonne Post, \$5; CLOSTER: Auxiliary to LeRoy S. Mead Post, \$5; ATLANTIC CITY: Miss Clark, \$2; Auxiliary to Atlantic City Post, \$10; Mrs. Harry I. Hamel, \$10; Mrs. Emma Buchman, \$5; CHATHAM: Auxiliary to Chatham Post, \$10; RUMBLEBUSH: Rumblebush Post, \$5; NEW BRUNSWICK: Highland Park Post, \$5; CALDWELL: Caldwell Lodge No. 59, A. F. A. M., \$10.

NEW MEXICO: ROSWELL: Auxiliary to Charles De Fremont Post, \$15.75; EAST LAS VEGAS: Leonard Hopkins Post, \$32.81.

NEW YORK: LYNBROOK: Auxiliary to Lynbrook Post, \$20; HOMER: Harris M. Calkins, \$5; OLAN: Olan Post, \$10; RYLAND: Ryland Post, \$5; DELICIOUS: Delicious Post, \$10; Market Post, \$25; Boy Scouts, \$5; Miscellaneous, \$13.50; The Exchange Club, \$10; Oscar H. Schillinger, \$1; SARANAC LAKE: Jackson A. Matthews Post, \$25; Elizabeth Gabler, \$4; W. E. J. Kirk, Jr., \$2; FAIRPORT: Brooks Shepard Post, \$5; ALBANY: Fort Orange Post, \$10; WESTFIELD: Men's Bible Class of the Presbyterian Church, \$10; C. Burton Day, \$2; LYONS: Auxiliary to Fort Z. Collins Post, \$50; KENNESAW: Milton J. Braunhilde Post, \$25; GROTON: Carrington Fuller Post, \$17; WATERBURY: Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Crandall, \$5; FAIR HAVEN: George E. Ingersoll Post, \$15.50; MINETTO: Leadbetter Brinklow Post, \$5; NEW YORK CITY: Ralph G. Macy, \$5; J. B. M. Terhune, \$5; Bertrand R. Clarke, \$5; Chelsea Post, \$10; Frank T. Frenzel, \$3; John J. McCarthy, \$1; William Noonan, \$1; T. C. Powell, \$5; BROOKLYN: Shepley Post, \$5; KENNESAW: Kennesaw Post, \$5; GEORGE CLARK: George Clark Post, \$10; BUFFALO: South Buffalo Post and Auxiliary, \$250; Auxiliary to Troop I Post, \$250.

NORTH CAROLINA: NEWBURN: Auxiliary to Post, \$15; GASTONIA: Auxiliary to Post 23, \$15; WAYNESVILLE: Auxiliary to Post, \$8; REIDSVILLE: Auxiliary to Coleman Southard Post, \$5.

NORTH DAKOTA: WILLISTON: Auxiliary to Edgar N. Boyd Post, \$10; KILLDEER: Extra Barrows Post, \$32.39; LARIMORE: Ted Valerius Post, \$5.

RICHMOND: Baccarat Post, \$25; WESTERVILLE: Young Budd Post, \$12; Auxiliary to Young Budd Post, \$5; MOUNT VERNON: Auxiliary to Dan C. Stone, Jr., Post, \$5; RAVENNA: Harry E. Cox, \$10; NORTH STAR: Buckeye Post, \$10; ROCK CREEK: Harrington Curtis Pickett Meeker Post, \$5; ROME: Rome Cemetery Association, \$5; Willard Crosby, \$5; EAST PALESTINE: Union Memorial Service, \$28.82; NEW STRATFORD: The Sisters, \$5; E. G. BERTON: Helen Thierman Post, \$15; J. A. McCarty, \$1; WADSWORTH: Grover Basset, \$1; Earl Deshler, \$1; Willard Cox, \$1; Anonymous, \$1; TOLKOO: Leonard Huber, \$1; Auxiliary to Walter Veller Post, \$5; Auxiliary to Arthur Daly Post, \$5; Auxiliary to Joseph Baker Post, \$3.40; BARTELE Post, \$5; Sixth Grade, Spring School, \$2; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Moss, \$1; Roy Stuart, \$5; Charles H. Hager, \$1; George E. Hager, \$1; C. H. Gorman, \$1; Grover Basset, \$1; Children of Oakdale School, \$7.50; Mr. and Mrs. M. Kirsch, \$5; C. C. Kilbury, \$5; Charles S. Turner, \$2.50; SYCAMORE: Sycamore Post, \$13.75; WALBRIDGE: William F. Krueger, \$10; BONO: A. W. Tank, \$1; XENIA: Auxiliary to Joseph Foody Post, \$25; COLUMBUS: Auxiliary to Franklin Post, \$100.

OKLAHOMA: OKLAHOMA CITY: Argonne Post, \$40; GUTHRIE: Le Bron Post, \$1.

OHIO: HILLSBORO: Hillsboro Post, \$1; MCMINVILLE: McMinnville Post, \$25.

PENNSYLVANIA: HARBERT: Harold D. Speakman Post, \$10; BEAVER: Auxiliary to Post 389, \$5; MCKEESPORT: coin box Collection, \$12.71; Dr. Joseph Arnold, \$1; John F. Bligh, \$1; John A. Boehmer, \$1; Claude M. Boycott, \$1; Raymond A. Buser, \$1; Robert Calhoun, \$1; Walter Collich, \$1; C. H. C. Press, \$2.50; Harry R. Fisher, \$2; W. S. Gibbs, \$1; Mrs. F. C. Harrison, \$1; Dr. Samuel Itzovitz, \$1; A. D. Johnson, \$1; Clarence C. Johnson, \$1; Simon Kalkstone, \$1; M. Clyde Kelly, \$5; B. F. Kessler, \$1; Joseph Kranc, \$1; Alfred Kuhl, \$1; Edgar M. Mack, \$5; Paul S. Mack, \$1; Daniel F. Marsh, \$1; Percy Miller, \$1; F. L. Mulligan, \$1; Mrs. Edna McShane, \$2; Theodore P. Ivy, \$1; Will Paff, \$5; Henry B. Pitzer, \$1; Ralph D. Pitzer, \$1; Robert H. Pitzer, \$1; George E. Rankin, \$1; C. H. Rodgers, \$2; Henry Roth, \$1; J. J. Rule, \$1; J. R. Sibley, \$1; Elmer Soles, \$1; Robert Soles, \$1; Daniel Stratton, \$1; Success Lodge No. 275, K. of P., \$5; A. F. Svedberg, \$1; Edward Swartz, \$1; Elbie M. Wampler, \$1; CHELTENHAM: Auxiliary to Forty Oldham Griffith Post, \$5; BLOOMSBURG: Auxiliary to Valley of Bloomsburg Post, \$15; SENNITT HILL: Auxiliary to Post \$5; HELLSTOWN: Edward H. Ackerman Post, \$10; Auxiliary to Edward H. Ackerman Post, \$5; WAYNE: Hunter Wolfe, \$1; Charles Wilkins, \$1; George Coatsdale, \$1; Mr. and Mrs. John M. Gallagher, \$2; James D. Wood, \$2; ERIE: Harold F. Monk, \$2; Allan H. MacLean, \$2; Eugene H. Bletcher, \$2; A. B. Kalkhorst, \$2; O. J. Graham, \$2; Carlton M. Randall, \$2; Jack A. Anslager, \$2; Harry O. Geren, \$2; Herman Eldridge, \$2; Martha Elmer, \$2; Dr. H. E. Lyons, \$2; Elmer L. Evans, \$2; Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Evans, \$2; John G. Bocht, \$2; A. Louis Strauss, \$2; F. W. Graot, \$2; Otto A. Knoll, \$2; Sara H. Connell, \$2; G. C. McMillen, \$2; Walter G. Slagle, \$2; Kenneth D. Lamb, \$1; John P. Smart, \$1; V. S. Currier, \$1; George W. Spafford, \$1; A. E. Nash, \$1; Harry R. Middaugh, \$1; Charles E. Miner, \$1; Edward Eichenlaub, \$1; Mrs. Emma Moore, \$1; E. D. Rice, \$1; Mrs. A. P. Pter, \$1; J. W. Coffey, \$1; E. D. Coffey, \$1; C. H. Calvin, \$1; Ralph Donaldson, \$1; Clarence Dean, \$1; Floyd B. Hickson, \$1; Leo Schmetzer, \$1; Harry Bailey, \$1; John Schultz, \$1; Sam Harper, \$1; Paul Yochim, \$1; R. H. Anderson, \$1; Fred Nash, \$1; F. L. Adams, \$1; Andrew R. Murray, \$1; Ohio Legionnaire, \$1; E. L. McNeil, \$1; Carl Liden, \$1; J. B. Rider, \$1; A. W. McNeil, \$1; Lester Schuch, \$1; Lester Lopus, \$1; R. C. Wennerstrom, \$1; Albert Nech, \$1; J. H. Small, \$1; William S. Supple, \$1; Thomas W. Spofford, \$1; Marion Eldridge, \$1; UNIONTOWN: P. Simbaldi, \$1; ELKRD: Mrs. Ida Litchard, \$1; PHOENIXVILLE: Auxiliary to Samuel Whitaker Post, \$5; WEST BROWNSVILLE: Thomas R. Aubrey, \$5; SPENCERHANS: Strider Teskey Post, \$13; MILTON: Auxiliary to Wallace W. Fitter Post, \$10; LANSDOWNE: Auxiliary to Albert Clinton Wunderlich Post, \$25; KNOX: citizens and soldiers of Knox, \$5.50; CALIFORNIA: Auxiliary to California Post, \$6.20; HUGHESVILLE: Auxiliary to Glen Sharrow Post, \$5.60; MARION CENTER: Marion Center Post, \$32.50; MAUCH CHUNK: Charles J. Dolon Post, \$10; PITTSBURG: Auxiliary to Hill Top Memorial Post, \$10; MORRISVILLE: Auxiliary to Post, \$7.60; LEWISTON: Logan Guard Post, \$10; HOLMESBURG: E. T. Dewees, \$1; BELLEVUE: Auxiliary to Post, \$16.80; EAST PITTSBURGH: Auxiliary to Post, \$6.60; PHILADELPHIA: Auxiliary to Elm Tree Post, \$10; Joseph W. Breen, \$10; TOIOTITE: Auxiliary to Post 34, \$3.80; PINE GROVE: Auxiliary to Pine Grove Post, \$5.60; BETHELHEM: Harry F. W. Johnson Post, \$20; WEST NEWTON: Harry Hundel Post, \$39.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS: MANILA: American Legion, Department of the Philippine Islands, \$10.20.

SOUTH CAROLINA: CHARLESTON: N. S. B., \$1.

SOUTH DAKOTA: FORTIDA: David Rae, \$5; MADISON: Eugene McKibbin Post, \$15; NEWELL: Frank Ross Post, \$2.90; PUKWANA: Citizens of Pukwana, \$21.00.

TENNESSEE: FRANKLIN: Auxiliary to John E. Stephens Post, \$10; CHATTANOOGA: Auxiliary to David King Summers Post, \$75.

TEXAS: BRECKENRIDGE: Rev. A. J. Morean, \$1; H. J. Harding, \$1; Sam Backus, \$1; Ed Farmer, \$1; DENISON: Fred Wilson Post, \$10.

UTAH: PROVO: Auxiliary to Provo Post, \$9.60; HIAWATHA: Auxiliary to Henry Holdsworth Post, \$7.60; KAYSVILLE: Auxiliary to Spanish Fork Post, \$3.80; CEDAR CITY: Cedar Post, \$8.50; SALT LAKE CITY: Edith Correll Post, \$5.

VERMONT: MORRISVILLE: Morrisville Post, \$14.50; MARSHFIELD: Marshfield Post, \$5; BARRIE: Goddard Seminary, \$3.75; KENDALSON: \$5; LUDLOW: Ballard Hobart Post, \$10; JOHNSTON: Auxiliary to the Sons of Veterans, \$5.

VIRGINIA: COVINGTON: Auxiliary to Allegheny Post, \$50; NORFOLK: Women's Post, \$50.

WASHINGTON: ENUMCLAW: Auxiliary to Theodore Roosevelt Post, \$25; COLFAX: Codd French Post, \$25.

WEST VIRGINIA: GRAPTON: Taylor County Post, \$2; WESTON: Rev. John S. Alfriend, Sr., \$1; WILCOX: A. H. Tabor, \$2; G. C. Hoshack, \$2; Bert Tabor, \$1; Joe Monaco, \$1; W. H. Chandler, \$1; E. E. Taylor, \$1; J. L. Lavender, \$1; W. T. Wine, \$1; J. E. Kirls, \$1; W. D. Tilley, \$1; M. L. Hornbarger, \$1; N. W. Thomason, \$1; Troy Jordan, \$1; D. L. Smith, \$1; W. G. Billins, \$1; Fred H. Danner, \$1; K. D. Nash, \$1; R. H. Powell, \$5; C. H. Meadows, \$1; S. M. Chandler, \$1; J. A. Cundiff, \$1; T. P. Leedy, \$1; C. C. Tabor, \$1; W. S. Fine, \$1; G. N. Whitt, \$1; J. R. Patrick, \$1; WHEATFIELD: F. B. Klives, \$10; Joseph R. Naylor, \$10; A. C. Stelf, \$50.

WISCONSIN: KAUKAUNA: Brokaw Memorial Methodist Church, \$6.65; PRINCETON: Bennie Kasiarski Post, \$10; LEPA: Doney Degrove Post, \$5; LA CROSSE: Roy L. Vingers Post, \$2; OOSTBURG: Hartman Lammers Post, \$24.21.

WYOMING: ROCK RIVER: Auxiliary to Post 25, \$8.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

THE first general back-to-France movement of a former A. E. F. outfit is that contemplated by former members of Base Hospital 43. Veterans of the hospital have been invited to hold their next reunion at Blois, France, headquarters of the hospital during the World War, on July 14, 1924. If a sufficient number of members and friends express their intention of making the trip, the invitation will be accepted. The cost per person will be approximately \$500. Full particulars may be obtained from Dr. E. C. Davis, 25 East Linden ave., Atlanta, Georgia. Additional outfit notices follow:

FIFTH DIV.—Convention and reunion, Society of the Fifth Division, Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 8-10. Address John F. Bacon, 28 N. 6th st., Philadelphia.

Co. I, 311TH INF., 78TH DIV.—Annual reunion at Perth Amboy, N. J., Sept. 1-3. Program includes company banquet and an automobile trip to the seashore. Special rates at headquarters hotel. Address Louis Y. Sosin, 83 Smith st., Perth Amboy.

22D ENG.—All former members invited to join 22d Engineers Society, organized in 1920. Annual convention will be held in San Francisco in conjunction with Legion National Convention, Oct. 15-19. Address C. R. Bauer, P. O. Box 342, Fort Worth, Tex.

332D INF.—Second annual reunion, 332d Infantry Association, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 1, 2. This regiment served in Italy during World War. Eligibility to membership is extended to all men or women of units attached to 332d. Members of F. H. 308 are especially directed to this ruling. Address Chief Justice John P. Dempsey, Municipal Court, Cleveland.

34TH DIV.—Annual convention at Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 6, 7. Special entertainment for visiting ladies being arranged by Auxiliaries of George S. Lang and John DePareq Legion Posts. Address R. E. Gillesby, Luce Line Depot, Minneapolis.

Co. C, 135TH INF.—Third annual reunion, Minneapolis, Sept. 6, in conjunction with 34th Div. meeting. Invitation includes men of Co. C, 1st Minn. Inf. Address D. O. Stegner, 211 Federal bldg., Minneapolis.

EVACUATION HOSP. 13.—Fourth annual reunion, Detroit, Sept. 1-3. Headquarters in Hotel Tuller. Noon banquet on Labor Day. Address Jack R. C. Cann, The Enterprise, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

80TH DIV.—Fourth annual reunion, Norfolk, Va., Aug. 27-31. Reduced railroad rates. Address Henry R. Curry, 916 Bessemer bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

32D DIV.—Fourth annual reunion, Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 4-7. Address Secretary, Association of Commerce, Grand Rapids, Mich.

355TH INF.—Reunion, 355th Inf. Society, Hastings, Neb., Sept. 17, in conjunction with annual convention of Nebraska Legion. Address H. M. Augustine, Grand Island, Neb.

CAMP HOSP. 43.—Former members of C. H. 43, Gièvres, France, interested in reunion at some central place to be decided later, address R. A. McKinnie, care of J. C. Penney Co., Ponca City, Okla.

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

LEGION LIBRARY

Book Service

WHILE the majority of American divisions in the World War were recruited from distinct sections of the country, representatives of almost every State in the Union were in all divisions by the time the Armistice was signed. To reach these widely scattered men and to place them in touch with their outfit's history, the Book Service of the Legion Library was inaugurated. By arrangement with the publishers, the following outfit histories may be obtained through the Book Service (for additional books available see other issues of the Weekly):

THE HISTORY OF THE 107TH INFANTRY, 27TH DIVISION. Official. A chronological account of the regiment's career, description of all battles, honor roll, detailed casualty tables, commendations, citations and decorations, individual company histories, biographies and portraits of all officers, complete regimental roster. Campaign maps. Over 200 illustrations. 550 pages. Price: \$5.

THE HISTORY OF THE FIRST DIVISION IN THE WORLD WAR. Official. The complete story of the division from its assembling for overseas service to its demobilization as a part of the A. E. F. In addition to an accurate account of all activities the book contains the honor roll, commendations, field orders, eight color plates and seventy-seven other illustrations. Set of twelve 1:20,000 sector and operations maps in separate container. Price \$5.

HISTORY OF THE 310TH DIVISION. Official. An account of the regiment's career in training camp and overseas. Maps, photographs, citations, field orders, operations, reports and a complete casualty list. 265 pages. To cover the cost of the book the Association of the 310th Infantry has been forced to advance the price of the book to \$3.

PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE 27TH DIVISION. Over 300 official photographs of training at Camp Wadsworth, all battles, post-Armistice period, home-coming. Citations and decorations. Chronology of activities. 8x10 inches. 244 pages. Price: \$2.75.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE 26TH DIVISION. Five hundred photographs. Ten thousand recognizable faces in group pictures. Brief history. Honor roll. Citations. 8x11 inches. 320 pages. Price: Cloth, \$5; leather, \$8.

HISTORY OF THE 79TH DIVISION. Official. Over 200 illustrations. Maps. 510 pages. Price: \$5.

HISTORY OF THE 29TH DIVISION. Official. Complete roster. 240 illustrations. Maps. 493 pages. Price: \$5.

HISTORY OF THE FOURTH DIVISION. Official. Sixty illustrations. Maps. 368 pages. Price: \$2.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE. By Lt. Col. Jennings C. Wise. An unembellished, accurate account of the accomplishments of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 26th, 28th, 32nd and 42nd Divisions at Cantigny and Château-Thierry and in the Marne-to-the-Vesle fighting. Maps. 255 pages. Price: \$1.60.

Prices listed are net and include packing and mailing charges. Send order with remittance to the Legion Library, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

Veterans Bureau Finds Jobs for Vocational Graduates

THE Veterans Bureau's employment drive for graduates of the vocational training centers seems to be bearing fruit. During the last year 19,401 veterans have left school as rehabilitated and all but 394 of them are at work, the bureau reports, and adds that its efforts to interest large corporations in the employment of trainees is bringing gratifying results. Recently the Bethlehem Steel Corporation asked the bureau to fill an order for 200 men at one shot and the Pennsylvania Railroad has offered to waive its usual medical examination.



Then and Now

By the Company Clerk



DURING Army of Occupation days two-thirds of the audiences in the Coblenz opera house were usually composed of wearers of O. D. According to the story told by Comrade Murphy of Mississippi, in a recent issue, the German manager catered to the Americans to the extent of having the synopsis of the operas printed in English in the programs. The manager asked an American officer to make an English translation of the story of "Carmen" and the American duly produced it. Comrade Murphy wanted a copy of the synopsis, and here it is. It's worthy of wider distribution. The Company Clerk regrets that in repeating it he is unable to give credit to the unknown author. Thanks, however, are due Comrades J. B. Hatchitt of Wichita Falls, Texas, and C. M. Burton of Kansas City, Kansas, who both sent in copies. Here goes:

CARMEN, the Sweet Siren of Sevilla, spends Part of the Time on the payroll of a Coffin Nail Foundry, and the Rest of it in Fraternizing, whatever That may Be. As a Finished Flirt she is largely Oversubscribed. When it comes to Changeable Mood, she could donate Cards, Spades, Small Casino and Forty Pinochle to Cleopatra and invariably make Six Points. As the curtain is about to Rise upon the Festive Scenery she is driving a Tandem of Saps, one of them a Spanish Doughboy, Don Jose, who is an N. C. O. in the M. P.'s of Sevilla, and the other an Expert Bull Thrower called Escamillo, though the name doesn't Prove Anything. Don Jose (for Heaven's Sake pronounce it Hosay) is much to the Green-Eyed, but otherwise a Simp, his nurse once having Dropped him when he was a Baby. Carmen is Almost ready to send him to the S. O. S. but her Judgment prompts her to hold him as a Kicker and so keep Escamillo from Guessing her Hand. Such, Mr. and Mrs. Audience, is the General Impression of the Day just at Zero Hour. We will now go over the Top.

ACT I. A square in Sevilla, crowded with People off Duty. Fag Factory on the right, and a guard house Across the Way. Micaela, a Cute little Contrivance with an Awful Crush on Jose, comes Hunting him but is Shooed Away by the Soldiers. Aha, here comes the New Guard, with Jose hooked on behind, and commanded by Second Loot Zuniga, the Guy who once was reprimanded for Posting a Sentry in a Letter Box. The Bugle in the Pill Emporium sounds First Call for Fresh Air, and a Bewitching Bevy gushes out of the Factory. Carmen trips In, courted by All except Don Jose, although He is the Very Guy she's Looking for. He acts a little Buggy, but he is really a little Sulky—in Either Case the Horse is on Him. After laying a Barrage of Airy Piffle the Dear Girls go back to work, and Micaela slips Jose a Message from Mother Announcing that the Rent exploded yesterday with a Dull Increase. Hardly has she Beat it when the Weed Works springs a Merry Riot. After Zuniga has demobilized the Yelps to a Pre-War Basis, he finds that Carmen has Playfully Pulled a Dirk on a Girl just because she Remarked that if Some People were in their Proper Place they'd be Making Beds. He operates the Necessary Pinch and orders Don Jose to Take Carmen to the Booby Hatch. Jose does so, does he not? Yes, he does Not. The Consummate Coquette makes a Noise like a Goo-Goo, and pulls a Scheme for Evaporation. The poor Boob falls for it. So does the Curtain.

ACT II. The Smuggler's Inn, to which Carmen has Beat It. In the midst of Riotous Celebration enter Escamillo, the famous Bovine

Quieter. To an Old Familiar Air he tells How He Does It. As the Applause and most of the Bunch Fade away Carmen lingers, awaiting Don Jose. The Unfortunate Fish has been Reduced to the Ranks and has put in Ten Days in the Clink because he stood for her Get-Away, and now he's coming to Eat out of Her Hand. The Things she Plans to Do to him would Shed New Light on Grief. The Serial Simp swallows Bait, Hook and Sink, and when Call to Quarters sounds he goes AWOL. Second Loot Zuniga butts in and Jose pulls his Saher on him. The Smugglers prevent Bloody Murder. Jose, who now sure has graduated with the Degree of S. O. L., decides to Hoof It with Carmen. The Line of March is hidden by the Curtain.

ACT III. A Mountain Ravine. The smugglers sneak into Security to the sound of a Customs Conspirators' Quickstep. Jose is Among those Present, but he is far from Joyful, for Carmen has Handed him the Crocheted Hand-blanket. The Siren blows Openly about her Predilection for Escamillo the Cow Tamer. To see How she Stands she grabs the Cards to tell her Fortune, but Somebody has slipped her a Pinochle deck, and when she Turns Over two Aces of Spades she shrieks that Death is Somewhere in the Vicinity. Escamillo Floats in, and Jose tries to Hand him His, but once more the Smugglers save him for a worse Fate. Micaela comes paging Jose, with a Message that he's Wanted on the Phone. He leaves, Cussing Carmen Continuously, but the Curtain cuts short his Choicest Remarks.

ACT IV. Entrance to the Arena in Sevilla. It is a Large Day. Escamillo has been Prominently Advertised as the Big Excitement. Single handed he is Billed to slaughter the Monthly Beef Ration for the Governor's Mess. He has also Promised Himself to Take Advantage of all the Bulls that Don Jose has made. Banderillos, Picadors, Toreadors and Matadors throng the Corridors. As Escamillo starts for the Arena, Carmen announces that she is His, provided he Gets Away with his Job. Then she Heads for the Box Office to Tap the Free List, but Don Jose Shows up and asks for an Interview. He hands her an Earful of Highly Seasoned remarks and Admits he could be Arrested for the Remainder of What he Thinks about her. Here Carmen makes her last Fox Pass: she Stats him to the Quick with a Jeer. He stabs her to the Blood-Pump with a Toad-sticker.

Moral: Never Fool with an M. P.

DURING the same anti-fraternizing days on the Rhine, a similar version of the opera "Mignon" saw the light in the Coblenz opera house program, according to Legionnaire C. H. Kellogg of Burlington, Wisconsin. When he sends in a copy the lesson in popularized opera stories may be continued.

"MINE was not an orthodox thrill," writes O. A. B. of Beulah, New Mexico, ex-sergeant, 302d Engineers. "No whizz-bang, no zero hour, no single-handed capture of Jerries, no medal. The only wonder is that I didn't land in the hoose-gow." Here it is:

IT was just before Christmas. I had been typing the words to Christmas songs for a rough-neck quartet who wanted to go out carolling. Halfway through "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing!" I harkened to the toothache and hiked three kilometers to a dentist. Two hours of misery—a shot of anti-tetanus. Back at Montbard I lay down on my tick, partitioned off from the company office by a thin curtain. Pretty soon that overdose of serum began to puff me up.

My nose was a Zeppelin. Even my toes swelled to the size of hand grenades. I was miserable.

Then came into the office my C. O., our second looney, and the zone major, a first looney from another outfit. Pretty soon I heard the zone major laugh.

"Listen to this," he said, "'Hark! the herald angels sing, glory to the newborn king.' Say, Scott, who'n hell's been getting poetic around here?"

Maybe it was the way I felt.

"Damn you!" I yelled. "Suppose you keep your blankety meddlesome nose out of other people's business!"

"Who in hell are you?" he called.

"Never mind!" I answered. "But if I hear any more cockeyed comment I'll come out and make poetry out of your face!"

I've won prizes for profanity and I used it all on that loot. Well, he took it—never even answered. The second looney snickered. Pretty soon the zone major parted.

"You sure gave him hell, didn't you?" grinned my C. O.

Well, I guess I'm ashamed of it, but misery and all, there was a real thrill. And that was all that came of it.

IN telling of his personally-conducted escapade Walter F. Loehwing, ex-second looney, now at the State School of Mines, Miami, Oklahoma, took a mean advantage of us. He spilled some mean French, and our overseas doughboy recollection of that lingo is pretty limited. This thrill, however, will go as he sent it to us; and we'll let you figure out the French yourself:

ONE balmy Sunday in Paris in 1919 I induced the parents of the French family with whom I was billeted (I was with the American School Detachment at the time) to let me take their twenty-year-old daughter to Fontainebleau unchaperoned. This was an extremely unusual thing in a regular French family, as most of our boys found out. After seeing the chateau, we decided to take a ride on one of the rubber-neck buses of the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranée Chemin through the Bois and catch the last train back to Paris. There were just six couples in the bus, two British looneys with mademoiselles, two French looneys ditto, and two American looneys, of which I was one, ditto.

We stopped in the woods at a chalet for supper with the understanding that we were to start back to the station at eight o'clock. When we assembled at the bus our French chauffeur could not be found. At eight-thirty he strolled out of a buvette about three sheets in the wind and unsociable. You can imagine the ride back to Fontainebleau with that snozzled frog at the wheel. We arrived at the station just ten minutes after the last Paris train had left.

"Quoi faire maintenant? Il n'est pas moyen à retourner a Paris jusqu'à demain alors," said the chauffeur.

"The hell you say!"

"Ah oui, mon lieutenant, il faut rester ici pour le soir."

"Not by a damsite."

Etc., etc., ran the dialogue. And it developed that the two Britishers were out with ladies who "just had to get back to Paris ce soir absolument." And, I too, was sort of hunting for an alibi to get by papa and mama the next day and wondering where I would move to after that.

"Look here, frog, you got us into this. Drive us back to Paris in this bus."

"Impossible!" from the chauffeur.

The other Yank and I got busy. I took the chauffeur down the street ways and around the corner I handed him a package of American fistie knockouts and beat it back to the car, which my pal had started. All the party quickly got wise and piled in. I hopped on and we were off for Paris sans chauffeur.

"Bet we're stopped at the next town. Bet they 'phone ahead and send police after us. Bet it means at least a G. C. M. for all of us. Here's where we get to see the inside of a French jail." This was the general trend of our remarks en route. We got by all the little towns and reached Paris. But there—ah—the gates were locked and a couple of gendarmes were waving red lanterns at us. "Here's where we get ours." And we almost had to run over those cops before we could stop. They ran up to the car, held the lanterns up to our faces and inquired, "Américains?" We could not deny it.

I expected to be pinched when, lo and behold, the gates swung open.

What to do with the car? My buddy and I decided we would run it over to the P. L. M. station and turn it over to someone. It was two a. m. when we got there and all the French were asleep. An M. P. showed up and we asked for the R. T. O. He came and I explained that we had a car we wanted to 'turn over to the railroad if he would give us a receipt for it and turn it over to them in the morning. He agreed. The next day I called him on the 'phone and asked if the P. L. M. had got its bus. "Sure enough, lieutenant. But say, where in the dickens did you get that bus?"

Whereupon I laughed and hung up. I have lost track of my pal of that night, but I know he and the R. T. O. at the gare can vouch for my veracity if they read this. And the papa and mama of my mademoiselle still call me their "fils Américain."

ALL former members of the S. O. S.—in this instance meaning Scouts, Observers and Snipers—and of regimental and other unit Intelligence Sections, front and center! With the intensive training in code deciphering to which such men were exposed in '17 and '18, it should be easy for them to grab off the prize of one year's subscription to the Weekly offered by Legionnaire J. R. Medford of South Portland, Maine, to the man sending in the first correct solution of the following symbol cipher, showing the system used. Medford states that the contest is open to anyone, whether Army, Navy, Secret Service, or just civilian.

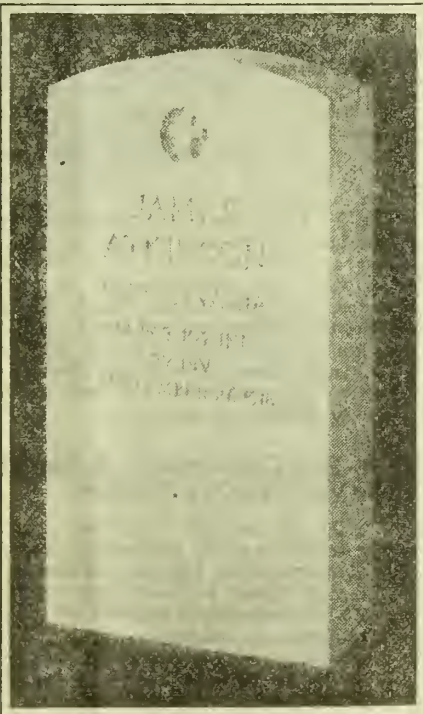
C# 925 A# 160 Cl. SU. Ty. SA. KW

.2SKN.FEOKWAAAS.

74 25 75 16 70 29 66 23 79 13 80 24.

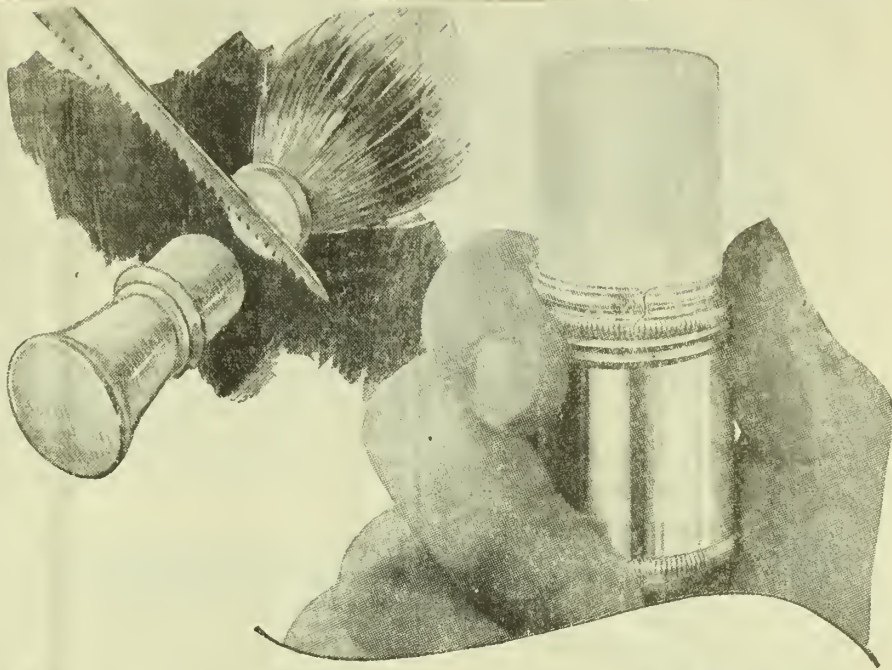
THE Company Clerk stands ready to bulletin experiences whether they were had in Paris, in home camps, the base ports, in the front lines, or up on the Rhine. Send them to the Company Clerk, The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

Official Headstones Shipped at Rate of 75 to 100 Daily



The marker provided by the Government for all veterans' graves

LEGION posts are taking an active interest in obtaining official headstones for the graves of deceased comrades, the



You wouldn't saw the handle off your shaving brush

Most shaving sticks are as inconvenient to hold as a shaving brush would be with the handle cut off. But look at the room for your fingers on the new Williams' Doublecap Stick. You can wrap your whole fist around it. And this generous, full-hand hold remains the same, even when both ends of the stick are worn down.

Williams' Doublecap gives you the same quick, thick lather, the same skin care that has made all forms of Williams' Shaving Soap famous the world over. The Williams' lather has never had an equal for making shaving speedy and easy and for making faces glove-smooth and perfectly conditioned.

Doublecap—the newest of the Williams' Shaving Sticks—is typical of the leadership that the J. B. Williams Company has unquestionably maintained for over three generations.

A "working model" of this new stick will be sent you free. Send postal or clip coupon below.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY

Glastonbury, Conn.

Montreal, Can.

Williams' Doublecap Shaving Stick

This new stick is made by the makers of the famous Williams' Holder Top Stick and Williams' Shaving Cream with the Hinged Cap.

Doublecap is handsome enough to stand beside your finest toilet articles. Its highly-polished metal container will not corrode and is good for years. As one soap-stick after another is used up, get reloads from your dealer. They cost less than the original package. Putting in a Doublecap reload is as simple as filling your pipe. No fuss or bother at all.

An exact "working model" of Doublecap FREE!



Here's a little "working model" of Doublecap. It's not a toy but a stick you can use. Contains enough soap to let you test Williams' thoroughly. Your name and address on a post card will bring you this free stick. Or use the coupon opposite.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. 58. Glastonbury, Conn.

Send me the free "working model" of Williams' Doublecap Stick as advertised

Name _____

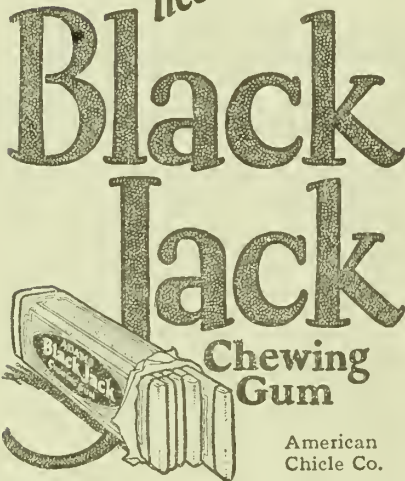
Address _____



"Wow!"

Good? You bet!
Juicy and mellow!
And mouth-watery!
Try that

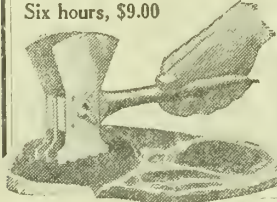
"Good old
licorice flavor!"



American
Chicle Co.

GOT AN HOUR TO SPARE?

It's worth \$1.50
Six hours, \$9.00



Here's a house-to-house seller that's a Whiz-Bang! Agents averaging from \$40.00 to \$100.00 weekly. Fall in! Write at once for details.

M. H. Tyler
Mfg. Co.
Factory No. 3
Muncie, Ind.

DIAMONDS

Dazzling, brilliant, blue white, genuine diamonds, imported direct by us, are offered you in sizes from 1/4 Carat to 2 Carats at \$197.00 per Carat. They are guaranteed perfectly cut and will stand any test or comparison.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Order the size diamond you want, and give finger size. We will send to your bank or express office for your inspection before paying. If you return it within 30 days we will return your money—every cent. Guarantee Certificate Given.

Write for Big Catalog—it brings a large jewelry store into your home and saves you 40 percent. It gives you valuable information about diamonds.

3 GUTTER & SONS ESTD 1879
772 Nassau St., Dept. 1073, New York

Quartermaster General of the Army reports. Five thousand stones, similar to the one shown in the photograph, have been distributed free, freight prepaid, within the past year and applications are being received at the rate of from seventy-five to one hundred a day. Heirs of a deceased veteran are entitled to a stone which, on receipt of proper application, will be shipped, freight prepaid. Application forms may be obtained from the Q. M. G., Washington. Ten thousand three hundred stones have been sent out to date, and it is estimated that more than 100,000 veterans who died during or since the war are buried in the United States. Ultimately stones like these will be set up over the graves of the 30,000 Americans whose bodies remain in the permanent cemeteries in Europe. The six-pointed star of David will be substituted for the Latin cross on stones intended to mark the graves of veterans of the Jewish religion.

Here's the Answer to a Wisconsin Comrade's Query

The Transport Service.—What branch of the service was The Army Transport Service?—Albert Friedstein, Marinette, Wisc.

The commander of The Cruiser and Transport Force during the World War, Rear Admiral Albert Gleaves, who is now in command of the U. S. Naval Torpedo Station at Newport, Rhode Island, furnished the following answer:

The ships of the Transport Service (troop ships), with the exception of the ex-German ships, were bought by the War Department, and all of them were financed by the War Department, which paid for coal, stores, repairs, etc., which the Navy ordered and superintended. The ships were officered and manned by the Navy and Naval Reserves and were organized into a force—The Cruiser and Transport Force. The ships were routed by the Navy which was responsible for the turn-arounds on both sides of the Atlantic and for the time of passage.

While in transit the personnel of the troops were under ship discipline and governed by ship regulations as approved by the President of the United States.

You will therefore see that the Transport Service was a function of both the Navy and the War Departments, being operated by the Navy and paid for by the Army. The success of the convoy operations was largely due to the close harmony in which the two services worked.

Not All Men in T. B. Hospitals are T. B. Patients

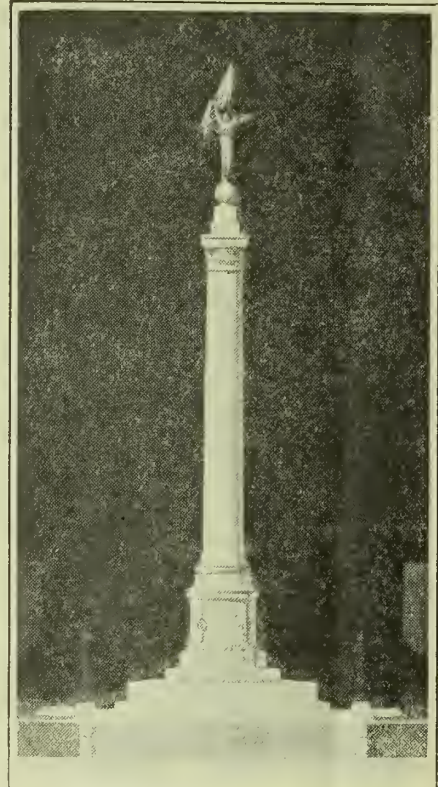
THE Veterans Bureau is going to take out of its tuberculosis hospitals veterans who are not suffering from tuberculosis. In the first hospital inspected—at Greenville, South Carolina—of the 278 men examined by a board of experts, 73, or over 25 percent were found not to have tuberculosis. As a result of this survey Director Hines is having similar inspections made in all the other tuberculosis hospitals.

The board of experts who conducted the examinations at Greenville found that of the 73 non-tuberculous patients 18 had chronic bronchitis. Others were suffering from laryngitis, tonsillitis, asthma, and hook worm.

How did they get in the hospitals? In the first place, it is not the easiest thing to make a definite diagnosis in a case of suspected tuberculosis; the experts could say yes or no where other doctors hesitated to pronounce a verdict. Then many of

the non-tuberculous patients had been in the hospital once, had been discharged, and then later had sought readmission saying they believed they had tuberculosis. Their past record of illness caused a presumption in their favor.

First Division Monument to Honor Outfit's 4,000 Dead



First Division memorial now being erected in Washington

THE First Division Monument, pictured above, is now being erected in Potomac Park, Washington, D. C., by the First Division Memorial Association with funds contributed by members, former members and friends of the division. It is to be a memorial to the more than four thousand men of the division who gave their lives in the World War. The first American division to arrive and the last to leave foreign soil, the First was truly representative of America. Numbered among its original members and among its dead at the end of the war were representatives of all the States, of Alaska, Hawaii, Guam, the Canal Zone, the Philippines, and Porto Rico. The design of the monument is the joint work of Daniel Chester French and Charles Gilbert. The monument will cost approximately \$100,000 to complete.

250-Bed California T. B. Hospital to Cost Nearly a Million

ONE of the few remaining steps in completing the program of new hospital construction has been taken by the Veterans Bureau in its announcement that a 250-bed tuberculosis hospital will be built at Livermore, California. This decision, it is stated, is in accordance with plans of the hospitalization board to divide the available funds between northern and southern California.

The new hospital is expected to cost a little under a million dollars. The money can be taken from available appropriations under the second Langley Act.

Certificates Available for Reduced S. F. Convention Rates

CERTIFICATES allowing those entitled to them to secure transportation to the Fifth National Convention at San Francisco at reduced rates are now available. The Legion's National Headquarters has distributed an ample allotment to each department. The departments are making distribution to posts, and individuals should apply direct to the post.

The Blue Dog

(Continued from page 4)

loss of five thousand dollars without a murmur on a single cast of the spotted cubes—seemed to take the defection of Messrs. Keeler and Carmody greatly to heart. It wasn't the nine hundred and ninety-eight dollars that worried him. So long as blind pigs and ditto prohibition agents should flourish he could always garner enough cash to make such a sum seem insignificant. But Grogan had always prided himself on his ability to recognize a crook when he saw one. The sting of the episode of the blue dog lay in the irreverence shown by the clever swindlers in selecting him for a victim.

The shock of the discovery that he had been fooled took the heart out of him. He made only one indifferent effort to trace the men—he examined Fido, fore and aft, and declared the incident closed. Fido, fading from blue to dirty gray, was quite like any other collie. Originally he had been white with a patch of black across the shoulders. One of his pert ears bore the notched marks of combat with his kind. His right forepaw evidently had been crushed at one time and now was considerably larger than the other three. A nickel name plate on his collar bore the inscription "Bawzie," showing that Fido, like his former proprietor, was not above the use of an alias. Otherwise Fido was just dog. The futility of attempting to trace him, and through him Messrs. Topper, Keeler and Carmody, was painfully evident.

Grogan walked back to the bar and informed the bartender that hereafter the subject of dogs, especially blue ones, was not to be discussed in his presence.

"What are you going to do with Fido?" inquired the bartender, who saw difficulty in enforcing the order if the animal were allowed to linger within sight of customers who believed in the sacred principles of free speech.

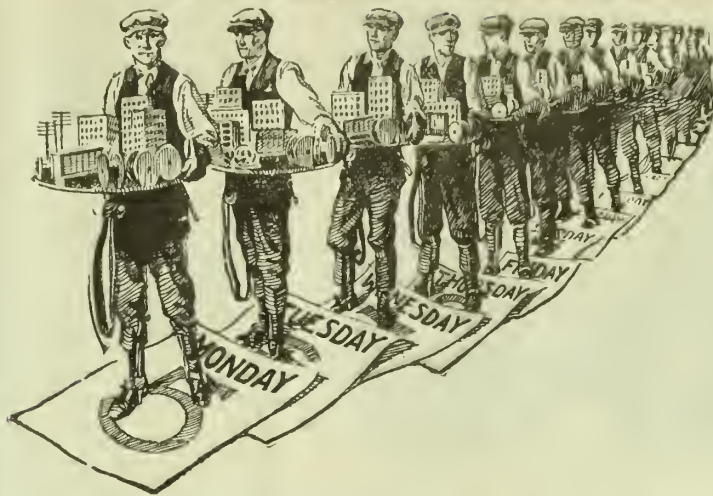
"Park him in the basement until I can find someone to give him to," replied Grogan. "I never want to hear the word dog mentioned again until Bryan is elected."

There was no particular difficulty in enforcing the order. Grogan naturally failed to publish the fact that he had been swindled. The dog was removed from view.

The entire incident might have ended there had it not been for a remarkable story presented in the newspapers forty-eight hours after the saloonman had completed his deal with Mr. Topper.

The basis of the story was this advertisement, appearing simultaneously in all the principal dailies:

LOST—White Collie Dog, answers name Bawzie. Right ear split, right forepaw slightly crippled, marked with black on back of neck. Disappeared three days



Construction Day by Day

So great and so constant is the growth of demand for telephone service that the Bell System invests throughout the country an average of three-quarters of a million dollars every working day for new telephone plant.

New aerial lines are always under construction or extension, new subways are being dug and cables laid, larger building accommodations are under way, more switchboards are in process of building or installation, and added facilities of every description being mustered into service to care for the half million or more new subscribers linked to the System every year.

This nation-wide construction, this large expenditure of funds, could not be carried out efficiently or economically by unrelated, independent telephone organizations acting without co-operation in different sections

of the country. Neither could it be carried out efficiently or economically by any one organization dictating from one place the activities of all. In the Bell System all the associated companies share common manufacturing and purchasing facilities which save millions of dollars annually. They share scientific discoveries and inventions, engineering achievements, and operating benefits which save further millions. But the management of service in each given territory is in the hands of the company which serves that territory and which knows its needs and conditions.

By thus combining the advantages of union and co-operation with the advantages of local initiative and responsibility, the Bell System has provided the nation with the only type of organization which could spend with efficiency and economy, the millions of dollars being invested in telephone service.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed
toward Better Service



FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil;
Remove Them With Othine—
Double Strength

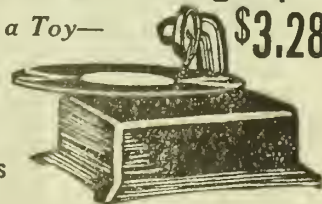
There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion. Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

A Real Phonograph

Not a Toy—

\$3.28

for
picnics
boating
bungalows



Guaranteed, national keywind motor, adjustable speed device, start and stop control, Universal Tone Arm and Reproducer. Size 10x10x6 in. Plays all 10 in. records. Sells by the thousands.

No. 103—with crank wind motor, special reproducer: plays 10 and 12 in. records, grained enamel finish, nickel fittings \$4.78.

Satisfaction or Money Refunded

Add 22c for postage.

HAGEN IMPORT COMPANY, Dept. PA 42 N. 8th St., Phila., Pa.



The Ex-Kaiser in Exile—

The Only Authentic Motion Picture of the Prisoner of Doorn

William Hohenzollern didn't know that he was looking squarely into the lens of a motion picture camera. It was carefully hidden, but it followed him all one day as he "goose-stepped" along the by-ways of his Dutch prison—the very personification of pent-up rage and punctured pride.

The doughboys of America can put the ex-Kaiser to work for them by showing this film for the benefit of their local American Legion Post.

Col. Hanford MacNider, Past Nat'l Commander American Legion, says:

"An epoch making event in screen industry . . . giving faithful description of how the once all-powerful German war-lord is forced to end his declining years isolated and alone."



Get up a "LEGION NIGHT" and ask the manager of your local motion picture theatre to show this film. Tell him that you and your buddies want to see how the ex-Kaiser looks today, and how he spends his time in the narrow confines of Doorn. If you want us to help you, fill in and return this coupon.

-----DETACH AND MAIL-----

W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION
469 Fifth Avenue, New York

I am interested in receiving full particulars of your plan for showing the "Ex-Kaiser in Exile" in this community, together with catalogue of Hodkinson Pictures.

Name _____

American Legion Post _____

City _____

State _____

ago. Reward of five thousand dollars and no questions asked. E-425, Bugle office.

The advertisement created a sensation, as well it might. The three morning newspapers had traced it to its source, one John Clegg, a dog fancier who lived at a fashionable residence hotel. His explanation of the proffered reward, as set forth on the front pages with all the detail that the imaginations of three clever rewrite men could provide, made dog enthusiasts out of about one million folks who read the history of the lost Bawzie over their breakfast bacon. The whole city that morning was devising schemes of dog hunting and plans for the spending of the five thousand dollar reward. The whole city, that is, with the exception of Tim Grogan.

He arrived at his place of business to find Mike Ryan, his chief bartender, pleasantly excited.

"Morning, Tim," greeted Ryan. "Seen the papers this morning?"

"Yep," said Grogan.

"Read that dog article?"

Grogan's answer was a snarl.

"What did I tell you?" he demanded harshly. "I didn't read any dog story an' I don't intend to. If you gotta talk about dogs you can get a new job. The next time you open your clam on this here topic out you go. Get me?"

Ryan subsided. After all, it was none of his business. He remembered some of the markings of Grogan's unfortunate purchase and was confident that his employer's pig-headedness was costing him just five thousand dollars. He shrugged his shoulders and went on with his routine business of polishing glassware.

Once more that day Destiny came to Tim Grogan.

It was Destiny in a queer guise. Drunken little Tom Waters never had been east in that rôle before in all his fifty-five adventurous and alcoholic years. But Tommy had keen eyes in his sober moments, and he had been only partially drunk at the time when he examined the azure Fido. He realized with a shock as he read his morning papers that except for the matter of color Fido might well be the missing Bawzie. It occurred to him that Grogan might be able to explain this portion of the mystery and that the man who pointed out to the saloon-keeper the way to a five thousand dollar prize might expect a share of the proceeds—say a thousand dollars.

Waters sought out Grogan and proceeded, as Ryan had done, to uncover the golden details of opportunity.

"You gotta chance to make five thousand dollars," began Waters.

"How?" inquired Grogan with indubitable interest.

"Have you still got that blue dog?"

Grogan turned abruptly.

"Ryan," he called, "throw this cheese out into the street. If he tries to come back rap him on the head with the bung starter."

Ryan complied. Which shows how Opportunity is sometimes treated when it knocks once at the wrong door.

Grogan, morose and unapproachable, remained closeted in his tiny private office most of that day, audibly and picturesquely cursing any and all of the dozens who came like Waters to seek information concerning the blue dog.

Thus works Fate, the bartender pondered. Upon such foibles of

human intellect depends that perfectly mathematical result which some call luck. Opportunity, rapping with a battering ram, aided by the noise equivalent of a brass band, could not arouse Grogan because Destiny had ruled otherwise.

Then came a still more remarkable development in the incredible affair of the blue dog. The wicker doors parted suddenly and admitted two men who, excepting perhaps a few dozen politicians, had had the greatest influence upon Tim Grogan's life—Messrs. Keeler and Carmody. They entered in haste and were obviously worried. Keeler's winning smile was gone. Carmody's sober dignity had become an unfathomable gloom.

Grogan saw them through the glass door of the office and came forth to meet them with the first sign of affability he had shown in days.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Grogan," greeted Keeler with forced cheerfulness. "Sorry we delayed so long getting here. Got called out of town on a board meeting and just returned. Any luck with the dog?"

Ryan paused in the act of tilting a bottle, fully expectant of instant call to battle. He was startled to see Grogan smile.

"Yes," said the saloon man. "I had some luck. I bought the dog."

"Where is he?" demanded Carmody with poorly concealed eagerness.

"Downstairs," said Grogan. "Do you still want him?"

"Of course we do," declared Mr. Keeler. "We put up our five hundred dollar deposit, didn't we?"

"Sure you did. Sure you did. I know all that. But the guy that owned him wouldn't sell at the price you wanted to pay. I took a flyer on my own hook an' give him twenty-five hundred."

Messrs. Keeler and Carmody gasped. "But our bargain—" protested Mr. Keeler.

"Can that noise," suggested Grogan calmly. "We didn't have no bargain. You wanted to go as high as two thousand. I was willin' to go to twenty-five hundred. You can pay me three thousand an' take the pooch or you can have your five hundred an' get out."

Mr. Keeler started to argue, but Mr. Carmody silenced him with a sharp interruption.

"We'll pay," he agreed. He drew a roll of bills from his pocket and counted off the greater portion of it into Grogan's hand while Ryan went downstairs after the neglected Fido.

Neither of the dog fanciers seemed to regret the bargain as they started for the door. They did not notice, apparently, that the beautiful blue of Fido had faded lamentably. Mr. Keeler's smile and Mr. Carmody's quiet humor had suddenly returned.

Grogan turned as he was putting the money in the safe to bid them farewell.

"Just a word of advice, boys," he called. "I wouldn't go botherin' John Clegg with that mutt if I was you."

The two men stopped short, sudden panic written in their faces.

"I suspect that Brother Topper found or stole that dog just about the time the papers say this here Bawzie was lost. But John Clegg ain't lost any hounds. That five thousand dollar story is all bunk. If you'd knowed me better you'd 'a' knowed that I started Clegg out in business ten years ago

when he was tryin' to get a gas franchise through the council. When this pup began to fade I ast him to help me an' we fixed up a little ad. But of course you ain't interested in Bawzie. It's these blue African collies that takes your eye."

His audience departed without waiting for him to finish. Grogan grinned broadly and returned to the opening of the safe. Something brushed against his leg, and he looked down to see Fido, the unbeautiful, jettisoned by the dog fanciers in their flight.

Grogan stroked the animal's oddly-tinted head.

"Mutt," he declared, "You gotta home here. Two thousand dollars' worth of home."

Fido wagged his gray-blue tail in thorough understanding.

Further Memories

(Continued from page 9)

old command go slogging along the road.

Half the leading company had tramped doggedly past before some little duffer floundering along under a tremendous pack happened to look up and spot him. At the top of his lungs in broken American he started in on "Good Morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip," then quite as suddenly subsided, abashed at his own voice. You don't usually indulge in high song when you march at attention, and everyone cocked his nigh ear to hear the second looe of that platoon tell our little friend about it. But at that moment we all saw Pinkie, smiling and chuckling, waving acknowledgment to the lad and his spontaneous salute.

The town of Ste. Ménéhould heard a roar right then that brought the inhabitants tumbling from their doorways—and it was eyes right without command and "with your hair cut just as short as mine" at the top of all our lungs for the next half hour, long after we'd left the town or anyone could remember what it was all about. But heads were all up, packs tons lighter, British boots forgotten and the kilometres per hour had nearly doubled as a direct result.

Old Pinkie stood it pretty well until the last battalion swung into it. By the time the final platoon roared it at him—every buck smiling from ear to ear, and every officer trying to sing louder than any of them—the tears began dripping down the old boy's face. As the last man went by—he'd waved to them all—he walked inside to get away from a huge circle of open-mouthed and astonished frog soldiers, women and kids who had promptly gathered to solve this phenomenon. He sat heavily down in the little bar, and it was some moments before he could speak.

"That," said old Milo, who was with him and a bit wet-eyed himself, "was the finest tribute I've ever seen given a commander of men." The rest of us bobbed our heads. We didn't know what to say. It seemed to have all been said.

Pinkie's head was down in his arms across the little table, but he was mumbling something about "God bless 'em," his shoulders shaking just a bit. Then, with a great show of bravado, up he came, mopping his face, and let out an awful bellow: "Hey, Madame, for the love of Mike bring us all some cognac toot sweet. We're going to drink to the best regiment on earth."



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Big Issues Coming



The August and September issues of the Weekly will contain just the articles to assist you in your Convention Membership Drive. There will also be articles of exceptionally wide interest.

Col. Frederick Palmer, war correspondent and well-known journalist, will begin a series of articles covering the present situation and conditions of the entire American battlefronts of France, and Mr. Charles P. Steinmetz, the electrical wizard, will give his ideas of the electrical world that will exist a hundred years from now.

If your Post will tell us how many copies you can distribute to prominent citizens or to ex-service men, we will print them for you at cost all through the months of August and September. Why not send the magazine to every ex-service man in your city with the compliments of your Post? Just write for 50 or more a week for the next two months. They will cost Legion Posts only 3c a copy.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY
627 West 43d Street New York

The Play That Thrilled Me Most

(Continued from page 6)

manager of the Brooklyn Nationals, onetime catcher on the Orioles. Now the greatest thrill I got in baseball centers around the time a hit and run failed. It was in the fifth inning of the fifth game of the world's series between the Cleveland Indians and the Brooklyn Nationals in 1920. Brooklyn men were on first and second, Otto Miller and Kilduff. When Clarence Mitchell came to bat Robinson signalled for the hit and run. As soon as the ball left Bagby's hands Kilduff and Miller started running wild, the batter braced himself, swung, and drove a line drive toward second base.

From my position in center field I knew that if the hit went safe it would send Kilduff home and probably Miller, and worst of all would start a batting rally. But a triple play unassisted by Wambsganes, second baseman for the Indians, broke up the play. Wamby leaped into the air, caught the drive with one hand—Out No. 1—toed second, forcing Kilduff—Out No. 2—turned around and discovered Miller a few feet from second base, dumfounded by the blasting of his team's hopes. Wamby trotted over a few steps and tagged Miller—Out No. 3—a triple play unassisted. That play took the heart out of the Robins and we won, 8 to 1. That was the only triple play unassisted ever made in a world's series. Talk about a thrill—oh, man!

RAWLINGS'S MIRACLE STOP

By Grover Cleveland Alexander, Chicago Nationals

The greatest play I ever saw occurred in the last game of the world's series of 1921. The Giants needed a game to win the series and the Yankees needed a game to tie it at four apiece.

In the ninth inning of the deciding game the Yankees went to bat needing one run to tie and two to win. Huggins sent Babe Ruth to bat as a pinch hitter. He had his hand bandaged up, and was an easy out on a grounder to first. Ward walked. Home Run Baker, next up, got two and three on him besides fouling off a few.

The Yankee rooters screamed for him to knock the ball into the bleachers for a home run, as he had done in two previous world's series against the Giants. Baker swung and smashed a terrific grounder in the direction of right field between first and second base. Ward left first and flew toward second. Then came the greatest play I ever witnessed.

Johnny Rawlings, traded from Philly in June, playing second for the Giants, dived after the ball head first, slid along on his stomach for five feet, got his hands on the ball, turned over twice like a hoop, landed on his feet, snapped the ball to first and put Baker out by one step. Kelly whipped the ball to Frisch at third to cut off Aaron Ward, who ran smack into the ball for the third out. The double play dumfounded both Yankee and Giant rooters. That stop of Rawlings's and his quick throw took all the noise out of the crowd before it broke loose into a wild

shout. The rapidity of the play was too much to be absorbed at once. I consider that stop one of the greatest in the history of baseball.

WHEN THE BRAVES GOT ON TOP

By Rabbit Maranville, Pittsburgh Nationals

JUST now I don't recall the details of the play that gave me my greatest thrill in baseball. I do know for certain, though, that it ended the second game of a double header with the Philadelphia Nationals on September 2, 1914. It may have been a little pop-up fly to first or a third strike in the catcher's mit. I think that a pinch hitter for the Phillies made the out, but that's immaterial.

As soon as the umpire shouted, "You're out," and the Boston Braves had won their second contest that day, I turned a handspring. My teammates tore up the bases and threw them into the air. They also hurled toward the heavens anything they could lay their hands on—waterbuckets, bats, sweaters, caps, gloves, old flannel sweat shirts. They danced. They shouted. They punched each other on the back.

That final out meant that the Braves led the league after one of the most remarkable spurts in the history of baseball. Just think of it! September 2d in first place when on July 18th we were last! On July 19th we defeated the Cincinnati Reds, and climbed to seventh place. Thenceforth that season there was no stopping us. We kept right on until we passed the Giants, who had dropped a game to Brooklyn while we were licking the Phillies in a double-header.

I could hardly realize we were on top at last. I thought maybe I was dreaming. After our spurt the Braves gained such momentum that we rolled right over the Athletics in the world's series, winning four straight. I got enough thrills in that series, but then the afternoon we headed off the Giants and sat pretty at the top gave me as great a thrill as I have ever received in all my years in baseball.

THE TIME VANCE GOT ME IN A HOLE

By Rogers Hornsby, St. Louis Nationals

EVERY season the Cardinals give the proceeds of one game to the benefit of a society in St. Louis that cares for victims of tuberculosis. The society sells the tickets and enough persons buy them to muster the largest crowd of the season. In this crowd are many fans who, for various reasons, see their only game of the year. These casual fans want a thrill, and the Cardinals try their best to give it to them.

Still, when a ball player makes a special effort to play his best the result is often disastrous failure. At these charity games the St. Louis team plays hard, which seems to encourage the rival nine to do their best to humiliate us before the biggest turnout of the year. In the contest of 1922 the Brooklyn Dodgers felt tickled that we trailed them into the ninth inning, 5 to 4.

Dizzy Vance, Brooklyn pitcher, certainly did his stuff. It looked as though we would lose before our gang.

When we went to bat in the last half of the ninth the crowd stamped and shouted for a ninth inning rally. They almost raised the roofs off the grandstands. With one man out, Jack Smith got to first and I came to bat. Vance got me in a hole with two strikes and three balls. Then I leaned on one, dropping the ball into the right-field bleachers for a home run, winning the game 6 to 5. The cheers of the crowd as I trotted around the field sent a chill up and down my back. When the fans swarmed on the field and two men insisted on carrying me off on their shoulders I felt satisfied with the day's work. I had made good before many fans who read about the Cards every day in the newspapers but who seldom got out to see a game.

MY GREATEST HOME RUN

By Babe Ruth, New York Americans

HITTING home runs has given me my share of thrills in baseball. In 1921, when I totalled 59 for the season, every one I hit after Number 45 seemed to give me a greater thrill than the last one. The thing grew like a habit. Still, of all the homers I have banged out, I regard as most satisfying the one I got at the dedication of the Yankee Stadium on April 18th this year.

Before the game I told my teammates that I would give a year of my life to be the first player to knock a home run in the new park. As the hour for the game drew near I thought to myself that I would give two years, and then as the ceremonies got under way and persons in the stands and bleachers shouted, "How about a home run today, Babe?" I decided I would willingly swap three.

I'll never forget that dedication day. The big triple-deck skyscraper stands and bleachers held 74,200 persons. Consider that the population of Nevada is only a little more than that and you'll get an idea of the mob. When the crowd cheered they sent a rumble of noise on to the diamond like a hundred thunder storms. And such a turnout! Generals and governors and mayors. Governor Smith of New York threw out the first ball. John Philip Sousa led the band that paraded across the field to hoist the American flag and the American League pennant. With all that ceremony I felt a little stagestruck.

Still, I got my home run. In the third inning I banged the ball into the right field bleachers to the tenth row, sending in two runs ahead of me. I'll never forget the reception I got from the crowd as I trotted around the bases. I thought more of that homer than any I have ever made. We won, 4 to 1, and my friend Sailor Bob Shawkey pitched the first victory in the stadium, allowing the Red Sox only three hits. It was a great day.

BREAKING A BIG LEAGUE RECORD

By George Sisler, St. Louis Americans

IN 1920 I established a new major league record for the total number of base hits made in a regular season, hitting safely 257 times in 153 games. I went into the game of October 1st still needing two more hits. Somewhat un-

der a strain, I wanted to slam out two hits that day and get it over with. It would be a relief, even though we had several more games to play before the end of the season.

In my first time at bat that day I hit safely, tying the record. One more hit! I made up my mind to get that one before the game was over. Next time at bat I knocked a long drive on the fly along the right-field foul line. The ball sailed, so it seemed to me, like a duck drifting over the marshes. It hugged the chalk line. I didn't know whether it would fall fair or foul.

In running to first base I could see how close it would be, for the ball kept its course over the foul line as it headed for the pavilion roof. Now part of the right-field pavilion lies in fair territory, but the greater part of the roof rests outside the foul line. Often the umpires have had to wait until the ball bounced on the roof before calling it foul or fair.

I felt that the decision would be close, for the crowd remained silent in expectation. They knew that a few inches meant the difference between a home run and a new record or a foul ball and the possibility of waiting another day to break the record. As I rounded first base I expected the umpire to wave me back. Then the crowd broke into a wild cheer. It was all over. I had hit a home run and the record was mine. In the dugout I learned that the ball had seemed to hang in the air before it flopped down like the first raindrop in the dust, fair by a few inches. That cheer was music in my ears.

THE STRANGEST CATCH

By George Kelly, New York Nationals

THE strangest baseball catch I ever saw wasn't made in a regular game. It was made by a soldier on Memorial Day, 1918, at Kelly Field, Texas, from an airplane seven hundred feet in the air. The stunt, originally planned to help a Liberty Loan drive, was postponed until the day of a Camp Travis-Kelly Field game. More than twenty players were scattered about the field trying to nail the three dozen or more baseballs tossed down from an airplane circling overhead. The aviator took a seven-hundred-foot ceiling to give us a chance to break the record made by Gabby Street in 1910 in catching a baseball tossed from the Washington Monument. I understand that Street took three days and missed twelve dozen balls before he finally froze on to one with a big catcher's mit.

I can understand why he took so long. We got our hands on several, but each time the ball kept right on and hit the black sand, lop-sided and useless, until Corporal Michael Angelo Bessolo, a former player on the University of Santa Clara team and a teammate of mine on the army nine, caught one.

The ball, owing to a slight breeze, broke into a big roundhouse curve as it descended. Mike didn't move three feet for it. He stuck his hands high over his head and the ball smacked into his regular fielder's glove for a perfect out. The force of the falling ball drove his elbows into his ribs. He said an electric tingle as though he had cracked his funny bone raced through his arms. He played a full game right afterward against Camp Travis.

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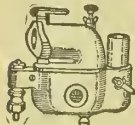
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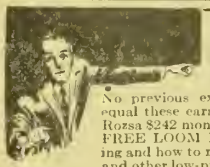
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Epitaph

Walk slowly, stranger, past this post,
For here is buried Adam Yost.
He took a drink of home-made stuff
To see if it was old enough.

Totally Different

For years old Sam Samson had been a regular and loyal member of his colored lodge. Then he fell from grace and was haled into court.

"What's your name?" asked the magistrate.

"Mah name Samson."

"Hm! Are you the Samson spoken of in the Bible who pushed the temple down?"

"Nessah, boss," answered the prisoner gloomily. "Ah's de Samson what held de Temple up."

Keen Interest

"You n—never seem to t—take any interest in anything I ever do," sobbed the bride.

"Don't be unreasonable, my dear," remonstrated her husband. "I laid awake all last night and wondered what you put in that last cake you made."

Sufficient Proof

Judge: "But how can you prove to this court that your husband wilfully deserted you and made himself absent for the period of time you mention?"

Mrs. Halloran: "Sure, an' ain't he the sly one, to know it's the beatin' of his life he'd a' got if he didn't."

All Sorts of Chances

"The king can do no wrong," orated the foreign visitor proudly.

"He must be an awful dumb-bell," retorted the American flapper.

Short Story Plots

Chap. 1.	Chap. 2.	Chap. 3.
I. Hired.	Tired.	Fired.
II. Played.	Raid.	Paid.
III. Gas.	Pass.	Alas.
IV. Born.	Corn.	Mourn.
V. Miss.	Kiss.	Bliss.
VI. Own.	Loan.	Flown.

Snappy Snipping

Victim: "Cut the whole three short."

Barber: "What three?"

Victim: "Hair, whiskers and chatter."

Little Jesters!

Blunt was a salesman, a super-salesman, according to himself, who could sell to anybody, anywhere, anytime. When he was assigned to new territory his first cus-

tommer happened to be a tough bird, also a busy and an irritable one, who resented the salesman's entrance by grabbing him by the collar, kicking him downstairs and throwing his sample case after him.

Blunt picked himself up and returned to his prospect's office.

"Now, joking aside," he said, "don't you think this is the finest line of goods you ever saw?"

Woman's Way

Mrs. Nooleighwedd: "You say Mrs. Wiser knows where her husband is at all times. How does she do it?"

Mrs. X. Perience: "She had him sent to jail for bigamy."

Barks from a Pup Tent

Some people realize they are of no importance. Others are corporals.

Recently the British Institute of Patentees issued a list of "What's Wanted." In the event of another war, we might add: An attachment on bugles that will make fatigue call sound like pay call—spuds without peels—canned beans that taste like strawberries—stoves that automatically put out the fire when slum is to be cooked—a Quarante-Huit that will hold forty hommes without you sticking your foot in your neighbor's eye.

Statistic: If all the franc pieces that were made into rings were to be placed alongside of each other they would reach to a given point and half way back.

If the "No liquor on ships in American waters" rule is enforced, maybe England, France and Italy will form a Tipple Alliance.

Famous Threes: —Musketeers, —weeks, —cheers, —beans in a mess kit, —o'clock in the morning, —Star Hennesey, —men in a boat, —minute egg, —ringed circus, —strikes, —beers and a pretzel, —legged race, —out, —old cat, —mile limit.

The maxim of some people is: Never do something today that somebody else can do tomorrow.

"At Ease"—A command that makes every soldier wish he could smoke.

—Bill Netch

Untrustworthy

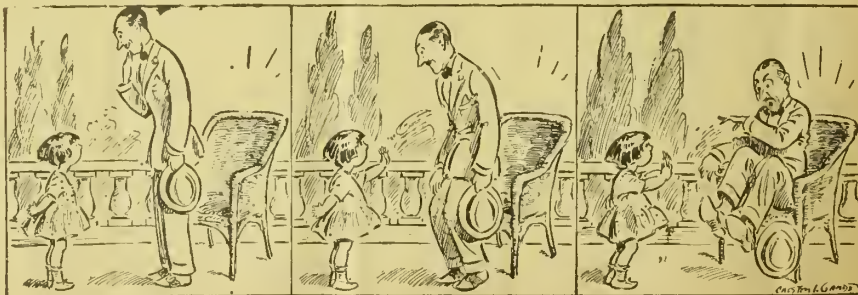
The boss was mad. One of his men had failed to come to work and had given no reason for his absence.

"Has he failed you often before?" somebody asked.

"No," stormed the boss. "This is his first time, and, by jinks, I'll see that it's his last."

"Been working for you long?"

"About fifteen years. Oh, wait till I get hold of him! I'll tell him what I think of his kind. I could see when I hired him that he wasn't steady."



"S-s-s-sister s-s-s-says
t-t-t-tell you s-s-s-she
w-w-will b-b-be r-r-r-right

d-d-d-down and f-f-for
y-y-you n-n-not t-t-to
s-s-s-sit in th-th-th-that

ch-ch-ch-chair. It's j-j-j-just
b-b-b-been p-p-p-p-painted!"

PATENTS

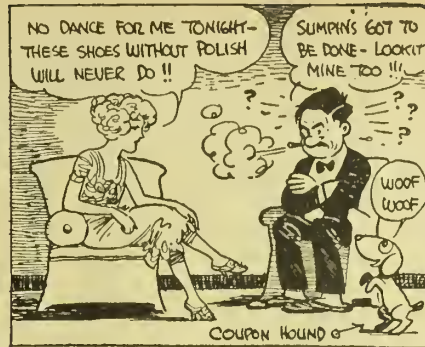
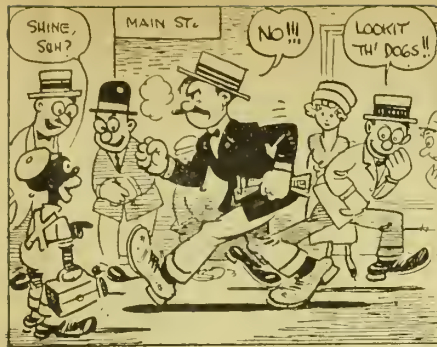
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Do You Shine Your Own?

For the last few weeks old Buddy in the Barrel has been gloomier than a guardhouse lawyer alone in a pyramid on a rainy Sunday. A comrade came along and took a rap at Buddy's jazz talk, claiming that Buddy had lost the dignity that was his when he used to swab decks or polish the incinerator.

Buddy put the skids on his jargon. He tried to write like the bulletins, special orders, etc., that trickled down to the topper's canvas from general headquarters. He got more grammatical than a buck apologizing to a general in the third person for having dipped into a box of cigars.

The unsuspecting Coupon Skirmishers started down through this talk. When they found no mention of the yellow invasion, cubical engineering, greaseballs and slum, puptent mattresses, rubber tent pegs and trench rats that carried sidearms, they turned away with eyes as wet as when tear gas came drifting across No Man's Land.

The Stave Hero was bombarded with queries about his reversal of form. He was told to about face and get in step with those buddies who have been doing squads right on the coupon since Buddy sprouted his first stave.

Buddy took on a big smile, even as in the days when a cook slapped seconds on his messgear.

Here he is on the jazz wagon again. This week, shoe polish.

Only the other day Buddy told a manufacturer of shoe polish that he believed beaucoup readers of our Weekly still shined their own shoe leather. Buddy harkened back to the combat days when a bird either shined his own or swung a mean alibi. He claimed that an ex-service man couldn't step out of his Home on a

bright morning without visioning a line-up and an inspection out front. And that meant he must give his hobs the o. o. after the oats and cakes.

Do you rise and shine?
And if you do shine 'em, what make of shoe polish do you prefer?

Lo, la guerre has been fini these many years and no shoe polish has been advertised in the magazine that reaches the greatest number of shiners who ever tried to make the colonel's orderly.

Polish up the kupe with your John Henry and Buddy can convince shoe polish manufacturers that we buy their product.

To the Advertising Manager
627 West 43d Street, New York

I would like to see the following brands of shoe polish advertised in our Weekly:

Give reasons

Do you still shine your own?

This coupon is for all Legionnaires and Auxiliary Members to fill out. But if you are a dealer or salesman, please check. dealer salesman. If not dealer or salesman, please state occupation.

Name

Address

Post

OUR DIRECTORY

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in

AUTOS & AUTO ACCESSORIES	
VVAir Friction Carburetor Co.	22
VVAmerican Automobile Digest	
VVChevrolet Motor Co.	
VVElectric Storage Battery Co.	
VVInternational Body Works	
VVLiberty Top & Tire Co.	
BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS	
VVVmerican Pub. Co.	
BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES	
VVAmerican Floor Surfacing, Mch. Co.	
VVAmerican Products Co.	
VVAmerican Woolen Mills	23
VVAnglo American Mill Co.	
VVBanner Tailoring Co.	
VVCotton Mfg. Co.	
VVElto Outboard Motor Co.	21
VVGleam Mfg. Co.	
VVGoodwear Chicago, Inc.	
VVHolcomb & Hoke Co.	
VVKingery Mfg. Co.	
VVMac-O-Chee Mills	20
VVMadison Shirt Co.	23
VVOpportunity Column	
VVPaul Rubber Co.	
VVSanta Fe Railway	
VVStandard Food & Fur Co.	
VVM. H. Tyler Mfg. Co.	16
VVUnion Loom Works	22
VVWashington Tailoring Co.	
VVWolverine Climax Co.	
FOOD PRODUCTS	
VVVVThe Genesee Pure Food Co.	Inside Front Cover
HOUSEHOLD NECESSITIES	
VVVHartman Furniture Co.	
INSURANCE	
VVJohn Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.	
INVESTMENTS	
VVCaldwell & Co.	
VVClarence Hodson & Co.	
VVG. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co.	
JEWELRY, INSGNIA, MEMORIALS	
VVFloor City Ornamental Iron Co.	
VVR. M. Glover Mfg. Co.	21
VVB. Gutter & Sons	16

"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium, with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

VVIngersoll Watch Co.	
VVM. M. Lyon & Co.	
VVRedding & Co.	
VVSanta Fe Watch	
VVR. F. Simmons Company	
VVW. W. Sweet, Inc.	20
MEDICINAL	
VVBayer Tablets of Aspirin	
VVMetrolite Co.	
VVOthine	17
MEN'S WEAR	
VVB. V. D. Company	
VVCuett, Peabody & Co.	19
VVThe Florsheim Shoe Co.	
VVHart Schaffner & Marx	
VVKahn Tailoring Co.	
VVNu Way Stretch Suspender Co.	
VVReliance Mfg. Co.	
MISCELLANEOUS	
VVAmerican Chicle Co.	16
VVCole & Co.	
VVDiograph Products Corp.	
VVClay Glover	
VVW. W. Hodkinson Corp.	18
VVMarble Arms & Mfg. Co.	22
VVPhiladelphia Key Co.	
VVThompson-Barlow Co.	
VVJ. L. Whiting—J. J. Adams	
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS	
VVBuescher Band Instrument Co.	
VVG. Conn. Ltd.	
VVHagen Import Trading Co.	17
VVNational Music Lovers, Inc.	Back Cover
VVWilson Bros. Mfg. Co.	

of ADVERTISERS

OF THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

PATENT ATTORNEYS	
VVLACEY & LACEY	22
VVE. E. Stevens, Jr.	
SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION	
VVAmerican School	
VVBloss Electrical School	
VVCoyne Electrical School	
VVFRANKLIN INSTITUTE	21
VVAlexander Hamilton Institute	
VVLaSalle Extension University	21
VVPatterson Civil Service School	
VVStandard Business Training Institute	
VVW. W. Tamblyn	
VVUniversity of Applied Science	
VVWashington School of Cartooning	
SMOKERS' NEEDS	
VVAmerican Tobacco Co.	
VVLiegett & Myers Tobacco Co.	
SOFT DRINKS	
VVCoca Cola	
SPORTS AND RECREATION	
VVBrunswick-Balke-Clender Co.	
VVHarley-Davidson Motor Co.	
VVHendice Mfg. Co.	
VVMarble Arms & Mfg. Co.	22
VVMead Cycle Co.	
STATIONERY	
VVParamount Paper Co.	
VVPost Printing Service	19
VVRand Company	
TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH	
VVAmerican Telephone & Telegraph Co.	17
TOILET NECESSITIES	
VVForhan Co.	
VVA. S. Hinds Co.	
VVThe Peppercorn Co.	
VVB. B. Williams Co.	15
TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION	
VVFurness Bermuda Line	
VVHawaii Tourist Bureau	
VVU. S. Shipping Board	
TYPEWRITERS	
VVRemington Typewriter Co.	
VVYoung Typewriter Co.	22

LET'S
PATRONIZE
THEY
ADVERTISE

V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. THE VV, VVV, VVVV, VVVVV AND VVVVVV STRIPES ARE INCREASING. NOTICE THE ★. THIS IS THE INSGNIA FOR THE CROIX DE COUPON, AWARDED WHEN THE SEVENTH SERVICE STRIPE IS DUE.

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," issue of December 22, 1922. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. Advertising rates: \$3.00 per square line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

THEY
ADVERTISE
LET'S
PATRONIZE

"Yes! We Have No Bananas!"

"Who's Sorry Now"

"I Love Me"

"Barney Google"

Carolina in the Morning.
Dearest.

Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean.
You Know You Belong to
Somebody Else.

I Gave You Up Before You
Threw Me Down.

Parade of the Wooden Soldiers.
You've Got to See Mama
Every Night.

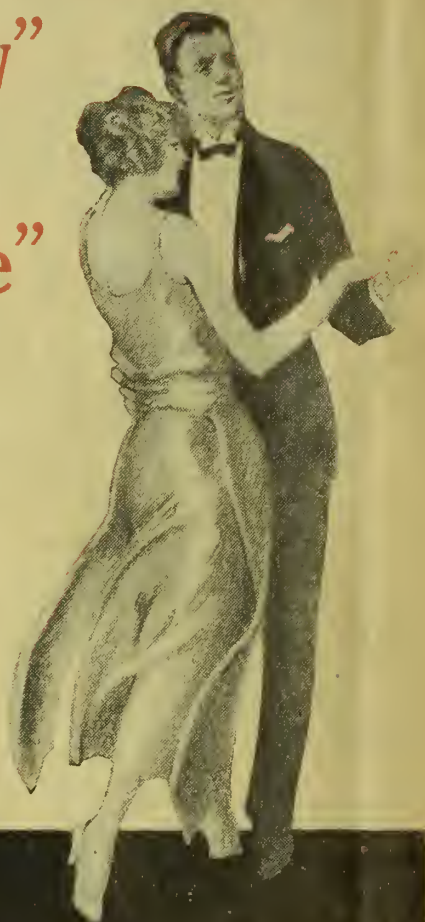
Lost, A Wonderful Girl.

My Buddy.

Love Sends a Little Gift of
Roses.

Red Moon.

Mellow Moon.



All These 16 Latest Fox Trots and Waltzes on Eight Double Disc-Full Size 10 Inch Records

Everybody wants to hear these great hits! Everybody wants to DANCE the minute they begin to hear them. Broadway's latest Fox Trots and waltzes—each beautifully recorded by New York's famous dance orchestras. Here are the SIXTEEN greatest hits, on eight full size brand new 10-inch records—all for only \$2.98. This is the greatest record bargain ever offered!

Send No Money

Try these wonderful dance hits for 10 days in your own home. Note the beauty of recording, the catchiness of the tunes, and the wonderful volume and clearness of tone. Send no money now—just give postman \$2.98, plus delivery charges on arrival. If not delighted with your bargain return the records and we will refund money and pay the postage BOTH WAYS. This low price made possible by manufacturing in enormous quantities and selling direct to users. Remember, these records are brand new, guaranteed equal in quality to any records made or money back AT ONCE. Thousands of letters from pleased customers express wonder at this sensational bargain.

Do Not Wait! Write Now
Thousands of Sets Are Being Ordered

Mail Coupon or Postal to

National Music Lovers, Inc.

Dept. 338, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City

\$ **2⁹⁸**
For all

What Customers Say:

Customers say: "Your records are wonderful," "We are more than pleased with your records," "Wonderful music, and at a very low price," "Your records are clear of tone, not harsh or grating like some records I have," "More than fill my expectations," "A wonderful saving." Hundreds of other letters like these are on file in our office.

NATIONAL
MUSIC
LOVERS, Inc.
Dept. 338
354 Fourth Avenue
New York City

Please send me for 10 days' trial, your collection of 16 Fox Trots and Waltzes on eight double-face ten-inch records, guaranteed equal to any records made. I will pay the postman only \$2.98 plus delivery charges on arrival. This is not to be considered a purchase, however. If the records do not come up to my expectations, I reserve the right to return them at any time within 10 days and you will refund my money.

Note: If you also desire patented album for holding these eight records, place X in square ☐. Regular price \$1.00. Our special price 69c.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....